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JOURNAL

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India's Black Morning

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HOW WE DENY OUR CHILDREN

by **A. N. SPANEL**
President of International Latex Corporation

America's children have returned to school gain. They are facing a deplorable condition rought about by the shameful neglect and indif-rence of their parents who stood idly by while ıore than 350,000 school teachers quit the teach-ıg profession since 1939. The figure is staggering. : represents over one-third of the total number f school teachers in America. The loss of these eachers has weakened our schools to a frighten-ıgly low level. The harm to America's children is eyond calculation.

The situation is getting worse. Nobody wants o be a teacher. Young people turn to other occu-ıations. In colleges, where teachers are trained, he seats are empty. There is no one to take the ılace of the teacher who is leaving the profession.

The war greatly increased the birth rate. Soon hese war-born children will appear at the school-ıouse door. Many of them are children of veterans. Increased enrollment will reach a peak in 1952. There will be more pupils . . . and fewer teachers .. inferior schooling for millions of our youngsters.

Condemning Our Children to Inferiority

Teachers are quitting the profession because they are underpaid. There are many teachers whose pay is less than $900 a year. They are victims of our short-sightedness. The high cost of living has wiped out their savings. Jobs outside the schools offer better pay. The teachers are taking them. They will continue to do so until the American people decide to pay teachers a living wage.

This nation cannot afford to continue short-changing its teachers. American wages for all others have been raised substantially in recent years. The national income has increased 300 percent since the war began, yet teachers' incomes have been raised only twelve percent. It's as crazy as it is shameful.

A Crazy and Shameful Condition

It is a miracle that there are good teachers in this country who sacrifice themselves and their substance to remain in the profession. Some of them are forced to work at outside jobs after school hours to remain on the ragged edge of respectability. Must we sit back, doing nothing, until these teachers are forced to *strike* for a living wage? Can we afford to let that happen?

In the meantime, American children are being robbed of a fair start in life. Five million of school age are not in school at all. Millions of others are herded into huge classes where there is little chance to learn.

Kids Headed for Jails

Idle children are roaming the streets. There is a rising tide of juvenile delinquency. Juvenile courts are over-burdened . . . youth on the skids to jail.

America cannot afford to waste its children. They *are* America.

Right now we are denying America's children . . . and America itself. The situation is completely out of hand, and what has developed into a serious condition is now becoming a national catastrophe.

What We Can Do About It

No citizen, no man or woman, can afford to let this catastrophe engulf America. The time for action is now . . . work through your Parents and Teachers groups . . . call on your superintendent of schools and the mayor of your town or city and volunteer to help meet this threat to democracy.

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New Republic

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CONTENTS FOR OCT. 13, 1947

3 Washington Wire
5 News in Focus
10 United Nations News
11 Henry Wallace
12 Report from France
14 The Milk Industry
18 India's Black Morning
20 Curtis Publishing Company
25 Books in Review
30 Business
31 Labor
32 Music
33 Radio
34 Farm
35 Bandwagon
36 Theater
37 Correspondence
38 Foreign Press

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PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1947, IN THE U. S. A. BY EDITORIAL PUBLICATIONS, INC., 40 EAST 49 ST., NEW YORK 17, N. Y. ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER, NOVEMBER 6, 1914, AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., UNDER THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879. SINGLE COPY, 15¢; YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, SIX DOLLARS; CANADA & FOREIGN, SEVEN DOLLARS. PRINTED IN THE U. S. A.

Washington Wire

Truman Drags His Feet

THE baffling thing about President Truman is that when his Council of Economic Advisers grimly tells him that voluntary food rationing will by no stretch of the imagination meet the present world crisis, he agrees. Truman agrees with the somber picture of desperate emergency painted by Marshall and Lovett. And yet he drags his feet. He throws the starving a new committee, meets an emergency with an anticlimax.

Why does he do this? Because he honestly believes this is the fastest way of getting action out of Congress. What the world is seeing is as much an institutional crisis in Washington as a human crisis. Truman is trying to act fast under a tanglefoot Constitution, a governmental system that spreads responsibility out like dust over a carpet, and that prescribes an election at the worst possible time. Truman might have summoned a special session by now, with hoopla headlines, but in all candor we have to admit we don't think Congress would have acted in time. This way does offer a chance of rescuing the drowning man in time—a rather slim chance, we admit.

But a definite timetable does exist—there is a hope that the four GOP committees, including Representative John Taber's (R, N. Y.) Appropriations Committee, which is the real stumbling block, will act by December 1, and then Truman will certainly call his special session. What with France and Italy, and the increased German-occupation costs, it will mean asking for a billion dollars from the economy-minded GOP. The real question, we think, is whether, in spite of Taber, in spite of Truman's pathetic inability to dramatize anything, in spite of an evident trend to isolationism, there is enough public pressure to force Congress to act.

Politics is pretty active and very interesting. The Taft trip was a flop. But though Taft did himself little good, he did set the key for what will probably be the GOP campaign tune next year. Any Republican candidate has got to support the party's record in Congress. Also Taft's forthright comments practically force Dewey to take a stand on something or other.

It now looks, however, as though this may be a bit late. The big undercurrent, the big potential sensation at the moment is Eisenhower. Make no doubt about it. He is a candidate. And whereas the GOP professionals, who have been out of the gravy for 16 years, are not quite certain they could win with anybody else, they feel sure they could with Ike. The question they ask is, would he be amenable—would he play ball with the Regulars? But even while they ask it, the thought of a supposedly sure-fire candidate dazzles them.

Finally, it should be added that Truman hasn't made any votes for himself since coming back to Washington; that Doug MacArthur is getting ready to throw his warrior's plume and corncob pipe into the ring; and that the temper of the country still looks very conservative to us.

VOLUNTARY rationing may be a valuable means of mobilizing public sentiment so far as it goes, and will help meet the world's food crisis. But in the view of the Nourse-Keyserling-Clark Economic Council, it simply isn't enough by itself, and might actually do harm if the public got to thinking of it as a one-shot panacea for meeting inflation and domestic food prices.

Without committing themselves to an outright restoration of wartime rationing, the Nourse group, in its latest quarterly report to the President, recommends a whole series of federal regulations and controls and takes the

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John Dewey in New Republic editorial
"Freedom of Thought and Work"
May 5, 1920

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most serious view it has yet expressed of the inflation danger (see page 5).

The White House advisers are sharply divided, with economists of the President's Council warning of the need for drastic action, requiring congressional sanction, and a rival group, headed by Secretary of Agriculture Clinton P. Anderson and Secretary of the Treasury John W. Snyder, arguing that voluntary action is enough.

ONE figure to watch is the rise of instalment buying. Consumer credit is now at the highest point in all history and is going right up. President Truman and the Federal Reserve Board begged Congress at the last session not to remove the remaining wartime controls on instalment buying, but Congress was deaf and they will lapse November 1. In three weeks the sky will be the limit. Even for a cynical old column like this, it is pretty hard to understand how Congress could throw gasoline on the fire just when inflation was getting hot.

Consumer credit reached $7.6 billion just before the 1929 crash, and today it is more than $11 billion. After the first of next month it should go up faster, and anybody who wants to buy cars, radios, mink coats or paper dolls at nothing down and five years to pay can do so legally, if he can get credit. It looks as if lots of Americans will grab at the chance.

NOTES. – We hear the American Legion Executive Committee is going to modify its previous objection to admitting DP's; it will propose giving them the sum total of present unused immigrant quotas. . . . We are sorry to hear the report that La Follette's famous weekly, the *Progressive,* may fold. . . . Taft's sudden conversion to a $1 billion program of social legislation brings amused comment: "What a New Dealer he would have made under Roosevelt!" . . . Foodmobilizer Luckman's first interview with the press here was so disappointing that it was rather embarrassing; reporters who wanted to be sympathetic simply couldn't believe he had so little to offer.

Washington T. R. B.

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New Republic

VOLUME 117, NUMBER 15, ISSUE 1715, NEW YORK CITY, OCTOBER 13, 1947

News in Focus

Gentle Suasion

HARRY TRUMAN and his cabinet have gone to great lengths to shirk their responsibility in the world food crisis. Secretaries Marshall, Harriman and Anderson, together with the President himself and his new food-committee chairman Charles Luckman, took over the nation's combined airwaves last Sunday night to tell US families that *they* and not their government must bear the final responsibility for saving enough food to keep Europe from starving this winter.

Europe's plight offers a fine opportunity for a moral exercise for Americans—they told their audience—a test of our self-control. Let us see if we really have the stamina required to "push ourselves away from the table" soon enough, often enough to save Europe. "Self-control is the best control," even if the failure we are risking in using that method involves the lives of other nations.

Hidden under the verbiage of 30 minutes of talk, that was about all the Administration had to say. "Meatless" and "poultry-and-dairy-productsless" days and the other voluntary restrictions proposed are a good beginning only if they are part of a plan leading speedily to a restoration of real controls.

Back to Controls

BEFORE the latest confidential report of the President's Council of Economic Advisers, proposals for reinstating wartime controls on materials and prices had been brushed aside by the White House. The Council's latest analysis of the impact which a Marshall Plan would have on our domestic economy, probably will never be made public. But it reveals that in order to provide sufficient food to Europe and to prevent runaway inflation at home, the US must reimpose wartime rationing and control of basic commodities and of wholesale and retail prices.

Some of the needed controls, the report points out, can be exercised through existing powers which Truman has not yet chosen to use. But other necessary powers must be authorized by Congress, preferably at a special session. The council recommends that the Administration should prepare concrete plans, without delay, for restoring the following controls, drafting the legislation and taking the administrative steps necessary to:

- Extend export controls beyond March 1, 1948.
- Limit the amount of wheat used in commercial feeds for animals.
- Increase the millers' wheat-extraction ratio.
- Limit the use of grains for alcohol.
- Limit bakers' inventories of flour.
- Penalize the feeding of animals to excessive weights.
- Prevent speculation on the grain market by the SEC type of regulation.
- Restore the curbs on instalment buying due to be removed November 1.
- Retain the present level of taxes as an inflation deterrent.

If these measures do not prove enough to brake the economy, rationing and price controls may be called for, the council warns.

When Dr. Edwin G. Nourse, council chairman, presented these findings to a meeting of the full cabinet last

Try Garbage

ALTHOUGH Congress has done little to make the full dinner pail available at popular prices, it can boast of having decreased levels in another kind of food receptacle —the garbage bucket. His curiosity aroused by various public pleas to waste less food, City Refuse Supervisor William Xanton of Washington, D. C., conducted a survey. His conclusion is that, from a garbage point of view, city collectors will soon be scraping the bottom of the barrel.

Collections this year have reached a low of 129 pounds per capita annually, as compared with 168 pounds in 1941, 141 pounds in 1943, and 134 pounds a year ago. Xanton adds that "meat scraps have practically disappeared" in the face of inflation. The bulk of garbage now collected, he says, consists of such drab items as citrus rinds, carrot and beet tops, and coffee grounds.

Try Liquor

FOR the first time since the Administration began rummaging for ways to save grain, it has made a specific demand on industry to coöperate: President Truman's request that US distillers shut down for 60 days. Even if the liquor industry should bend to the President's wish, however, it is doubtful if the saving effected will benefit wheat-hungry Europe. The industry used only 42,000 bushels of wheat last year. Most of any savings effected will be in rye (distillers used 22.7 percent of total supply) and barley (they used 32.3 percent of supply).

The distillers have already offered to cut their grain consumption and may go farther in response to Truman's plea as a sop to the growing public demand for a return to price controls. But if voluntary coöperation fails, the liquor interests and their Washington lobbies will fight compulsory regulation to the end.

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Friday, only Secretary of Agriculture Anderson violently opposed them.

Attorney General Tom Clark confessed that there certainly were powers to deal with the situation that had not been used. (The Commodity Credit Corporation and the Commodity Exchange Authority are two he must have had in mind.) But Anderson balked at using any weapon stronger than persuasion to fight inflation and hunger. He can be counted on to do his utmost to block acceptance of the Council's recommendations.

The President did not accept the hint contained in the report that he ask the Council to prepare a "concrete program" for restoring each of the controls it suggested. Instead, presidential assistant John Steelman, still greedy for all possible power, will probably get the job of "coördinating" this work as well as the Marshall Plan project which he has been handling for the President. If the economic current continues to move as fast as it has in recent weeks, the question may soon be what kind of controls we are to have instead of whether to restore them.

Those whose real aim is economic war with Russia are beginning to favor "controls" too. So, even if the fight is won for sensible controls, there will remain a fight to determine how a strengthened US economy should be used.

The Soap Man

THE only mystery about the choice of Charles Luckman to head Harry Truman's "Waste Less" food campaign was why such a bright guy would fall into such a rickety trap. Even conservative economists like Dr. Edwin Nourse (see above) had no illusions that voluntary conservation was the answer to getting enough grain to Europe and holding down inflation at home. The history of wartime drives was rich with examples of how little voluntary methods alone can actually save.

But Luckman showed no fear of the impossible. Yes, Mr. President, he would be glad to do battle against hunger and inflation; and persuasion, he was sure, would be weapon enough. Flanked by numerous smooth young champions from the world of business, Luckman came confidently to Washington, presented his ideas to Truman (who said they sounded fine), put on his most sincere necktie and went in to sell his program to the committee he was to head. But the committee slapped him down temporarily.

He picked himself up and went in to face the press conference the White House had urged him to call. He need not fear his press debut, they told him. Even the Washington press corps must respect the fourth largest advertiser in the country. But that turned out wrong too.

Luckman had no program to offer—no okay from his committee for even his moderate proposals for "wheatless" and "meatless" days—and he made a poor show indeed.

Luckman and his staff then set about to regain lost prestige by outlining their voluntary program for food conservation—a program that received the highest possible sponsorship in the President's Sunday-night broadcast.

To Luckman and company all this undoubtedly seems a mighty effort. But

Race Issue Brings Threat of Ex-Communication

by Irving Dilliard

ST. LOUIS, MO.—This city is the scene—and has been for more than a month—of a significant controversy over educational policy within the Roman Catholic Church. The issue is the admission of Negro pupils to parochial schools.

Dissenting from a ruling of Archbishop Joseph E. Ritter, successor to the late John Cardinal Glennon as head of the St. Louis Archdiocese, a group of white parents who insist on segregation have carried their case to the apostolic delegate to the United States, Archbishop Amleto Cicognani, in Washington.

Parochial, elementary and high schools of the St. Louis Archdiocese contain about 58,000 pupils. Of these approximately 400 are Negroes. For about 10 years a few Negro students have attended some parochial elementary schools along with white pupils. Since the relative number of Negroes was small, the practice attracted little attention. Archbishop Ritter, who came to St. Louis a year ago from Indianapolis, enjoys the reputation of being a good business administrator as well as a church leader. Knowing that the late Pope Pius XI termed racism as practised by the Nazis a heresy, the new head of the St. Louis Roman Catholics moved to join a church policy of non-discrimination with an extension of efficiency in school administration. Last summer St. Louis University, a Jesuit school founded in 1818, opened its doors to Negroes. With the coming of the present school term, the Archbishop took the broader step of admitting Negroes to the lower schools.

This touched off the following chain of developments:

¶ A group of white parents, opposed to admission of Negroes, formed an organization and began to hold meetings to air their grievance against the Archbishop's act. At an assembly in mid-September, attended by 700 persons, chairman John P. Barrett related that he had been unsuccessful in repeated efforts to discuss the question with the Archbishop.

¶ When the group failed to obtain what it considered an answer from the Archbishop and from the archdiocesan director of schools, Monsignor Alfred G. Thomson, it decided to engage a lawyer and take legal steps to ban mixed education.

¶ Up to this time Archbishop Ritter had taken no public notice of the protesting group. Stirred by the threat of civil action, the Archbishop prepared a pastoral letter to be read at services. Suggesting that "many of these good people are being gravely misled," the letter reminded them of "their filial obligation as Catholics to coöperate with their bishops and clergy and their fellow Catholics." It further reminded them that these obligations

Irving Dilliard is the chief editorial writer of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

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to housewives, it already appears a bit ridiculous. And to Europe, saving Western civilization via the garbage can must indeed seem macabre.

Foxhole Farm

IN the belief that a chicken and a cow are considerably more edible than a rubber dollar, a Kansas City labor union is taking out inflation and depression insurance by going into the farming business. Local 1290 of the Construction and General Laborers' Union (AFL) has paid $26,000 for a 130-acre farm in Wyandotte County, on which it hopes to provide food and housing for its membership in the event of a crash.

Manager Ralph Petty says the farm already has 20 beef cattle and 500 chicks, with more cattle and hogs to be added. When the farm begins producing, its output will be distributed to the local's sick, aged and disabled. The Union also plans to erect shelters on the farm for emergency housing. If and when the depression comes, says Petty, Local 1290 will have its foxhole ready.

Man of Vision

REPRESENTATIVE JOHN TABER (R, N. Y.) declared on his return from Europe that he saw no Europeans who appeared to be underfed. On the day after Taber's statement, a US Military Government health official disclosed that in the spoon-fed US sector of Berlin alone, examinations of approximately 15,000 persons showed the average 20-year-old male to be 30 pounds underweight and females in the same age group 25 pounds underweight.

No Cause for Alarm

AFTER extensive investigation of the Anguilla, Georgia, jail massacre, in which eight Negro chain-gang convicts were slain by prison sentries (the *NR*, July 28), a federal grand jury has returned indictments against Warden H. G. Worthy and four guards. The indictments declare Worthy and his men fired shotguns "wantonly, unnecessarily and without just cause" at the prisoners "for the purpose of imposing illegal summary punishment."

But the niceties of the law have pretty well protected the defendants from any serious punishment for committing what Glynn County Commissioner Sam Levine called an "outrageous murder." The federal indictment has been able to charge only that the warden and his henchmen violated the civil-rights statutes by depriving the eight prisoners of life "without due process of law." The maximum sentence for conviction, which is unlikely in a Georgia court, is a $1,000 fine, a year in jail, or both.

Follow the Boys

JOIN the Royal Air Force and bring the wife along, too," is the substance of current RAF recruiting slogans. In an effort to break down the sales resistance of the prospective enlistee who doesn't want to leave his wife behind, the RAF offers him a comfortable, government-owned trailer in which he and his spouse can set up light housekeeping on the edge of airdromes. So far the recruiting drive has been a marked success in an England where the housing shortage is acute.

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included "not only the equality of every soul before Almighty God, but also obedience to ecclesiastical authority." The letter then deemed it "opportune to caution them publicly" of the penalty of excommunication. This penalty, the Archbishop wrote, "is incurred automatically should an individual or groups of individuals, without permission and in violation of Canon 2341, presume [that is, after full knowledge] to interfere in the administrative office of their bishop by having recourse to any authority outside the church."

¶ Thus rebuked, the objectors met again and, amid assertions against jeopardizing the religion of anyone, voted to function under the name of the "Catholic Parents' Association of St. Louis and St. Louis County." By resolution the group directed that a letter be sent to the apostolic delegate to ask his intercession and to inquire whether the course of its members was in conflict with their religious obligations.

As a gesture of friendliness toward Catholic Negroes, the protesters voted to give $25 to a charity at St. Malachy's Church in a midtown St. Louis neighborhood.

The pastor of St. Malachy's Church, the Reverend Ralph W. Warner, SJ, announced that this donation, should it be received, would be returned to the senders, since St. Malachy's, "in conscience," could not accept any friendly gesture from those "who refuse to be governed by and think with their duly appointed successor of the Apostles and the Good Shepherd of the Archdiocese of St. Louis."

To "demonstrate that we are not in a minority," the objecting parents have now drawn up petitions which they plan to circulate throughout the Catholic community. These petitions have blanks for 100,000 names. They assert a desire for "Catholic education for Negroes" on a basis of "separate and equal facilities" for which the group will work to provide funds.

As this is written, the reply of the apostolic delegate to the dissident parents is being awaited with keen interest. In the meantime the furore has provided the St. Louis press with many page-one news stories. The *Post-Dispatch* has devoted an entire column on the editorial page to letters pro and con. Sample extracts:

¶ "Democracy is a sham when unthinking individuals go to such lengths."

¶ "We have no desire to see our children intermarry with the colored race."

¶ "Though I think I shall always remain a Protestant, the Archbishop has shown me what religion can mean in a person's life."

¶ "It was the intention of Cardinal Glennon to have a new school for Negroes. This ruling Archbishop Ritter has betrayed."

¶ "As Catholics we know that behind a movement to oppose our bishop's ruling on racism is a terrible heresy in which the faithful can have no part."

¶ "All Christianity proclaims the equality of souls before God."

¶ "As a Negro member of the Protestant faith, may I say that true Christians of the Catholic faith owe nobody an apology for the acts of a handful of its members."

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PCA Domestic and Foreign Program

PHILADELPHIA (*NR* correspondent). – The policy statements of the PCA, issued from the meeting here of the organization's national board of directors, seem to indicate a clean break with the Truman Administration on foreign as well as on domestic issues.

"The Democratic Administration, under the leadership of President Truman," the PCA's board declared, "has betrayed the principles of Roosevelt. Surrendering to the pressure of big business, Administration programs and policies on the major issues confronting the nation are fast becoming indistinguishable from those of Hoover, Taft, Dewey and Dulles."

More outspoken in its condemnation of the Truman Administration than at its June meeting, the PCA board came out with the plain warning that "we are moving ever closer to the disasters of war and depression."

These are the main conclusions of the policy statements on foreign affairs, the economic situation and domestic policies:

FOREIGN-POLICY PROGRAM. – "By making opposition to Russia and communism the touchstone of our foreign policy, the Truman Doctrine has all but destroyed the unity which existed among the nations that fought the Axis in World War II. It has forced us to by-pass and therefore weaken the United Nations. It has bred suspicion of the United States, forced us into open alliances with fascist or near-fascist regimes in the Middle East and Far East, and into a policy of interference in the internal affairs of other nations, always on the reactionary side. It has shown toleration even to the point of preference for militarist and anti-democratic governments in Latin America.

"It is this same policy which motivates the Marshall Plan and thus makes the rebuilding of the industrial Ruhr the first requisite of European recovery. The needs of the aggressor are placed above the needs of the victims. This idea is taken over in its entirety from Herbert Hoover. . . .

"PCA believes that . . . the United States should take the initiative immediately, through UN, to create a World Reconstruction Fund to rehabilitate war-devastated areas and speed the industrial development of the so-called backward areas, retarded by colonial exploitation. There should be no political strings attached to this fund.

"The Ruhr should be internationalized immediately, removed from any vestige of control by the international cartels, with its industrial potential harnessed for the benefit of all the European peoples. . . . As a temporary measure, American resources should be generously made available for relief and rehabilitation to every nation in Europe in need of assistance, without regard for political coloration, without political strings attached."

ECONOMIC PROGRAM. – The PCA calls for public ownership of the steel industry and a nine-point emergency program, including price controls and rationing, to combat inflation. The economic program states:

"Emergency action to alleviate the immediate problems of high prices must be taken and at once. By all means let us 'waste less,' but let us not forget that millions of Americans have never been in a position to waste and let us not be deceived that 'eat less' is a substitute for 'profit less' as an approach to the problem of high prices. . . .

"PCA calls upon the Administration and Congress to embark at once upon a minimum, effective program. This would include: (1) a special session of Congress at once; (2) restoration of price-control machinery; (3) extension of the federal rent-control law until February 28, 1949, and action on the Taft-Ellender-Wagner bill; (4) a rollback of prices of cost-of-living articles; (5) rationing of scarce necessities, allocation of raw materials; (6) provision of subsidies to prevent marginal producers from bearing too great a burden; (7) reimposition of the excess-profits tax; (8) extension of regulations governing consumer credit and instalment buying; (9) legislation regulating and controlling transactions on commodity exchanges to prohibit speculation in the basic necessities of life.

"Long-range corrective measures must tackle the extreme and rapidly accelerating concentration of economic power in the hands of a tiny minority of our population. Unless this concentration is challenged, inflation today may be followed by depression and unemployment tomorrow, and by fascism and war the day after. PCA, which last June called for public ownership of coal mines, railroads and electric power, now also calls for public ownership of the steel industry—cornerstone of our entire economy."

POLITICAL PROGRAM. – The PCA called upon Roosevelt Democrats to "unite . . . [to] win the support of the independent voters of the nation, which is essential for a Democratic victory." The statement asserts:

"Big business, in alliance with the military, has gained complete control of the decisive agencies of our government and dominates the leadership and policies of both major political parties. . . .

"The continuation of Truman leadership will lead to the disastrous defeat of the Democratic Party in 1948. As the experience of 1946 fully confirmed, the Democratic Party has been successful only when it presented a progressive program and candidate and secured the support of independent voters who, in default of a progressive alternative, have stayed away from the polls.

"Under any circumstances, the independent forces, by a new party if necessary, will insist upon the opportunity in 1948 to vote for a progressive candidate for President. At the same time, these forces must mobilize for active and energetic participation in the congressional campaigns, for the defeat of reactionary Senators and Representatives and their replacement by progressives."

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The Root

IN THE two fiscal years from July, 1946, to June, 1948, we have budgeted $25 billion for national defense. We have provided altogether since the war foreign grants and credits of approximately $16.5 billion, which is only two-thirds of our military budget. . . . It cannot be denied or ignored that continued large loans to foreign countries are either a heavy current burden on taxpayers or a strong inflationary force . . . but so are our even larger military expenditures. . . ." – Marriner S. Eccles, chairman of the Federal Reserve System, in a speech in Washington, September 25.

Money-makers

THE French Ministry of Finance is not expected to bestow any medals of merit on the discoverers of a huge plant manufacturing counterfeit US dollars near Aix en Provence. Officials feel that, in a way, the counterfeiters were actually helping French economy: buyers of fake greenbacks release considerable amounts of hoarded francs, and in buying dollars they were dishonest in the first place.

Bidault's Bet

THE French are realists. So Foreign Minister Georges Bidault, knowing where the bread is buttered these days, came to Washington to cuddle up to the Western bloc. Making the rounds of White House, State and Agriculture Departments in tow of Acting Secretary of State Robert A. Lovett, Bidault had his hat in hand. But his status was considerably better than that of a beggar. He knew he was as necessary to American plans as US economic help was to his own political future.

Bidault's journey to the seat of the Western bloc was concerned principally with the timing of economic aid which France so patently needs. He and Premier Paul Ramadier, who have excluded Communists from their government, want at least some US financial token before the French municipal elections begin on October 19. The fig-

The 9-Power Communist Pact

by Alexander Kendrick

MOSCOW (by wireless). – At first reading, the declaration or manifesto issued by the combined Communist Parties of nine European nations takes one back to 1935. Just as the seventh congress of the Comintern declared—meeting in Moscow in July of that year—so did the Communist leaders of seven Eastern and two Western European nations—meeting in Poland in September of this year—declare that the world has now been divided into two hostile camps. In 1935 the result was the "united front against war and fascism." Today the object is a "united front against war and imperialism."

But there the resemblance pretty well ends, reflecting the changed situation brought about by the war that the 1935 united front couldn't prevent. It's not just war and imperialism in general and impersonal terms that will be combated by the new international organization, but specifically US imperialism, US threats of war, US "warmongers" and the Truman-Marshall Plan.

This time, moreover, the social-democratic leaders—or the Right Socialists, as they are called here—of France, Germany, Austria and Italy, and the Labor Party leaders of England are excluded from any further consideration as "traitors to the working class." The Communist declaration puts Attlee, Bevin, Ramadier, Blum, Schumacher, Renner and Saragat in this category by name.

The final and most important difference between 1935 and 1947 is that this time it's not merely nine Communist Parties talking, even though their combined membership may be 16 million. In addition to the Communist Party of the Soviet Union, which holds a unique place, six of these Communist Parties—in Poland, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, Rumania, Hungary and Bulgaria—are the dominant and most influential elements in the present government coalitions in these countries. Their political programs, their industrial and agrarian reforms and economic plans are the policies of those governments. The two other Communist Parties represented, the French and Italian, are at present not in the ruling government coalitions in those countries, though they could and very well may be the day after tomorrow. In any case, they are extremely powerful in the labor movement.

Even with the Communist Party of Germany excluded, and even though the present arrangement is purely European and doesn't include the Communist Parties of Asia and the Americas, the coalition which had been formed is obviously the strongest entity of its kind ever seen. The nine-party declaration was drawn up primarily for party members and stresses the necessity for Communist leadership in the union of "all democratic and anti-imperialist forces of Europe." What this means from a broader perspective was clearly set forth on September 28 by Marshal Tito, addressing the Second People's Front Congress of Yugoslavia in Belgrade.

He called for "national fronts" in all other countries, associated on an international basis, to be linked together by their Communist Party nuclei. What was intended, Tito said, was what had already been achieved in some countries—a gradual conversion into a single all-national political organization in which is united the great majority of the people, with a single aim.

EVEN if they should win majorities at the polls, the Communists would not seek to rule in the parliamentary sense of the word. A new type of coalition would instead eventually erase party boundary lines and therefore eliminate the need for opposition, in what would amount to a withering away of some of the political aspects of the state. Tito suggested that a unified economic program—a state plan—was one of the best means of attaining such political integration.

It is one of the ironies of the present anti-Communist crusade that, as always happens, it has merely strengthened the forces it seeks to destroy.

Alexander Kendrick is the Moscow correspondent of the Chicago Sun. *He is a frequent contributor to the* New Republic.

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ure mentioned: $120 million a month.

Bidault made it known that the prestige of having gotten such a token of future economic assistance might be the deciding factor in the elections, which, in turn, will determine the complexion of the French government. If, for instance, the Communists make gains in the rural areas, it may be necessary to take them back into the government. And that both Bidault and the State Department hope to avoid.

Beyond such immediate considerations, however, Bidault was interested in getting whatever concessions were possible on Germany. For the moment at least, the French have abandoned hope of Germany's Ruhr and industrial Rhineland being put under international control. The most the French hope for is a promise of Ruhr coal.

In return the French are willing to consider merging their German occupation zone with the British and American zones if—and the if is important—the London Conference of Foreign Ministers fails next month.

Pessimistically, the French do not see much prospect of a fruitful conference nor do they put much faith in their allies' will to reach an agreement with Russia. Within the limits of such a situation the French intend to better their position as best they can. Bidault and Ramadier have bet their positions on a dollar-supported Western bloc.

Cantachiaro, Rome

"At this rate I'll have a rich harvest"

United Nations News

WHAT future has world coöperation when, in one week of United Nations activities, the Soviet Union makes a deal to support a patently fascist country for Security Council membership but fails to win enough votes on the trade to elect her Eastern European candidates; when the Union of South Africa can be neither cajoled nor threatened into submitting a trusteeship agreement for Southwest Africa; and when Arab states threaten to resign from the UN if the Assembly recommends partition for Palestine?

The current elections of the Security Council may establish a dubious horse-trading precedent for the future. The three-year terms of Brazil, Australia and Poland expire at the end of 1947 and the Assembly must elect their successors. Taking into consideration geographical distribution, ideological representation and big-power politics, the candidates which emerged were: Argentina to replace Brazil, India to replace Australia, and the Ukraine to replace Poland. But some Latin American countries preferred Uruguay to Argentina, the Western bloc wanted Canada instead of India and Czechoslovakia instead of the Ukraine. Czechoslovakia refused to get caught in the East-West split.

Western opposition to any other Soviet-sponsored candidate led Russia to make a deal with the Latin American countries whereby Russia would support Argentina—a majority choice over Uruguay—in return for Latin American support of the Ukraine. With Eastern and Western backing, Argentina was easily elected on the first ballot. And since the Russians had used up all their available bargaining power, Canada also went in on the first ballot instead of India, Russia's choice.

The result was a deadlock between India and the Ukraine for Poland's seat on the Council. The Latin American countries are committed to the Ukraine. The US, Britain and their friends outside Latin America are ready to forget geographic distribution and to pit friendly nations against one another simply to keep a Soviet-sponsored nation off the council. Actually, a Pacific power like India is far better qualified to replace Australia than is Canada.

BOTH the Union of South Africa and the Arab states have defied the General Assembly or have threatened defiance. Clearly there will be an important UN crisis if the Arab nations walk out of the UN because Palestine has been partitioned. They have threatened this action in an effort to win votes for their point of view. If they can blackmail enough nations into abstention, the Arabs may remain in the organization but simply boycott any enforcement of a Palestine solution. If—and there is a real possibility of this—the Arabs do walk out, it will be a clear case of truculent pigheadedness. The UN had better start thinking how to deal promptly and firmly with the situation.

Less world-shaking, but none the less blatant, is South Africa's refusal to submit a trusteeship agreement for Southwest Africa—a defiance of last year's Assembly recommendation.

Some UN members—among them the Soviet Union, India, the Philippines and several South American countries—believe that, under the Charter, the Union is legally compelled to submit a trusteeship agreement. South Africa disagrees.

Spokesmen for the South African delegation answer Russia's charges by raising a legal irrelevance—shouldn't the territories that Russia annexed following this war be placed under trusteeship too? They answer Indian charges with unsubstantiated claims that India has an expansionist policy in Africa. But South Africa's real answer is, "No matter what the United Nations says, we won't submit a trusteeship agreement and the UN can't make us." The UN, sooner or later, must find an answer to this kind of defiance.

JANE BEDELL

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Henry Wallace

Radioactivity and Plant Growth

BECAUSE of the accident of my talking with Einstein about my experiments with radioactivity and plant growth, in the presence of a newspaperman, a lot of publicity broke out in the American press late in September. I told Einstein that the yield of tomatoes seemed to be increased by exceedingly minute doses of radioactive material. A few days later came the story by the Japanese scientist, Takeo Furuno (see the *NR*, October 6), about the increased plant growth at Nagasaki as a result of the atomic-bomb explosion.

My own personal experiments with by-product material from a radium-processing plant began several years ago in a casual way in my sister's garden in Washington. I started the work as a result of conversations with Boris Pregel of the Canadian Radium and Uranium Corporation, who had first become interested in possibilities along this line many years ago. When I moved to New York, we set up several cement tanks where we could absolutely control both the water and the supply of radioactive fertilizer.

The differences in plant growth were not striking to look at, but the radioactivated tomatoes did give more fruit and the taste seemed to be slightly different. Carrots, watermelons, muskmelons and squash seemed to be more resistant to disease when radioactivated. Sweet corn was earlier and more sturdy.

The only comprehensive work along this line seems to have been done by a Russian by the name of Professor V. Vernadsky, whose experiments indicate that the best results were obtained with from one to 10 pounds of uranium per acre. But much smaller quantities of radium gave the same results and it was proved that the results varied directly as the radioactivity of the material.

The principle by which radioactive material benefits plants is as different from the principle by which fertilizers do so, as vitamins are different from starches, fats and proteins in human and animal nutrition. Apparently the excessively minute quantities of radioactive material which enter a plant give off energy that is important to the plant cells. Pregel tells me he believes that the energy from radioactive material affects the plant cells in the same way as cosmic rays, that the effect in either case is a series of nuclear reactions within the living cell.

Mrs. Wallace has been worried about eating the radioactivated tomatoes. On checking into this, I find that the quantities that a plant can absorb are so small as to have no harmful effect whatever. Further experiments will be necessary before we shall be able to tell whether radioactivated crops will have a beneficial effect. Some day, after I have developed a number of inbred strains of chickens, I hope to do a little experimentation with radioactive material in either the food or the water of the chickens.

The more I think about it the more certain I am that radioactivity and cosmic rays hold many of the secrets of life. I am glad the Russians are doing constructive work on the peacetime uses of radioactivity, and I trust we too shall soon show some imagination in this field. If the preliminary indications are correct, we shall soon be producing at Oak Ridge by-product material sufficient to fertilize all the crops of the US. If we don't want to use it here, we should send it to Europe. The cost of shipping radioactive fertilizer is very low.

H. W.

Trip to Palestine

PALESTINE today is one of the great nerve centers of the world. There the sincerity of the principles of the Western democracies is on trial. There the seeds of a third world war are perhaps being sown.

Probably nowhere else on earth are the findings of modern science being applied so directly to the problems of living as in this arid land, where agriculture, industry and commerce benefit from an unparalleled concentration of scientific intelligence and training.

For all these reasons, I am planning a visit to Palestine in the near future. I want to see what is being done in the way of plant and animal husbandry, the new plastics industry, the possibilities of a Jordan Valley Authority for hydroelectric power and irrigation, and many other things. I shall be gone several weeks. I shall report on what I find in Palestine in the *New Republic* while there and after my return.

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The Malady of Desperation

by Michel Gordey

PARIS (by airmail). – While everybody in Paris speaks of devaluation, inflation or deflation, the French franc has just reached a record low. It is now worth one gram of butter, since a kilogram (1,000 grams) of butter is being sold on the black market for 1,000 francs. (One kilogram equals 2.2 American pounds, and 1,000 francs at the official rate come to a little more than $8.) As to their official rations, the Parisians have not received any butter for six weeks now. There is no choice between guns and butter, as in prewar Nazi Germany: at present, France has no butter and only a few American-made guns. Rather, France has plenty of butter, but only for the very few who can afford to pay 1,000 francs for 1,000 grams.

The same is true of bread, meat and cheese. The bread ration (200 grams) is hardly large enough to provide one small slice of yellow-grayish bread for each meal. Meat is plentiful, but very expensive. The peasants are slaughtering their cattle because of lack of fodder, and selling the meat at ever increasing prices. By next winter a sizable percentage of all French cattle will be gone, and there will be both a shortage of meat and an additional rise in meat prices.

Action

THE SECOND ANTI-COMMUNIST CRUSADE

The small supply of milk, which—for six years—has been hardly sufficient to provide small rations for children under 12, has shrunk to such an extent that in Paris even new-born babies don't get their milk for days and sometimes months.

AFTER the hottest summer in years—a summer which destroyed crops, forests and the last hopes for a decent winter—the first cool days have come. Fruits and vegetables are still available, but prices have risen by more than 50 percent in the last six months. The recent salary increases are already completely swallowed up by rising prices; French labor is again deeply disturbed by the falling standard of living of the workers and their families. One simply cannot live on 10,000 francs per month ($80 at the legal rate; less than $40 at the black-market, or "real," rate of the dollar), which is the average salary of the semi-skilled worker in France.

While I was writing this, the light went out twice for 15 minutes. Electric current, which is already strictly rationed, will from now on be cut off altogether two days per week from seven a.m. to eight p.m. That means no electric cooking, no electric heating, no elevators and, above all, no production in power-driven factories. Coal, although produced in France in greater quantities than before the war, is also very short. For heating purposes, a French family will receive the equivalent of about 700 American pounds of coal for the whole winter. Wood can be bought freely, but again the prices are so high that average incomes cannot afford it.

Due to the shortage of dollars, France won't be able to import oil from the US or from the Caribbean area. In a few weeks, only "priority cars" (those used by doctors, essential workers, etc.) should be seen. But here, as in every other field, black-market oil will probably get many private cars on the streets, and people will again see evidence that government orders don't work out.

BECAUSE of the utter inadequacy of their gas rations, Paris taxi-drivers are planning a strike. This means that the only transportation available to most Parisians will be the overcrowded subways and buses, whose mileage will also be cut for lack of gas. Moreover, the sub-products of petroleum, such as lubricating oils for railway maintenance, will also be lacking. By next January, if there is no improvement in the gas situation, the cuts will deeply hit the whole French economy: factories will close down,

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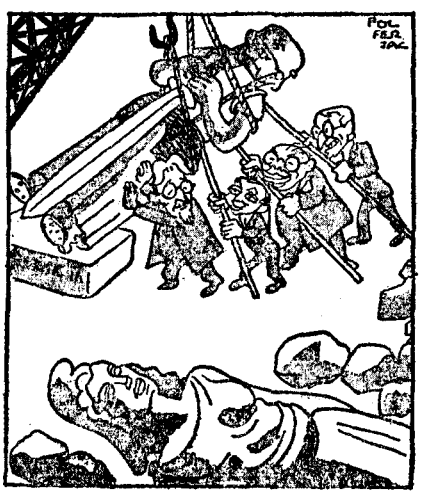

Action

"Of Course We'll Resurrect France—As Soon As We're Through Here."

Paysage

"I Can't Turn It Off."

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transportation will have to be curtailed, railway schedules will be reduced, and so on.

Meanwhile, after spending a few weeks in the countryside, I must report that the French peasant eats well, has white bread and meat on his table, and piles up money by the hundreds of thousands of francs. This piling up has gone so far that the French peasant is sick and tired of paper money, which does not buy anything useful. He therefore refuses to sell his products for bills whose value is dwindling away. Confidence in French money has vanished in France, and this is undoubtedly the main reason for the lack of supplies, the upward trend of wages and prices and the uncoöperative attitude of the French peasantry.

I have deliberately spoken of material hardships before mentioning the moral and political crisis. Foremost in the average Frenchman's mind are the questions: "How will next winter turn out? How will I live through it with my family? How will I be able to fight against hunger, cold and all other discomforts?" For a so-called victorious nation, this is a tragic and paradoxical attitude, but it is only natural after seven years of hardships.

To a certain extent, the French hope for and expect American help. But they are beginning to wonder if, after all the statements, conferences, reports and communiqués, US help will come in time for next winter. They also wonder what strings will be attached to the help. The building-up of Germany has become a national bogey, shared by Communists and non-Communists alike. Should the USSR suddenly offer France a big amount of its excess wheat (which, just before the October elections, would be quite impressive), the French would become even more dubious of American promises. The current disagreements among the Big Three leave the French utterly cynical. America, or any other country, should not expect gratitude, but only a growing nationalism, nurtured by helplessness. That is the French mood today.

But this is only one facet of the French mind in 1947. The split of the world into two rival camps has affected French politics deeply. The hatred between Communists and all other parties is growing; a compromise is unthinkable today. Seven months after the proclamation of the Truman Doctrine, French opinion is divided—exactly like the General Assembly at Flushing Meadow. The Marshall-Vishinsky clash has surprised nobody. It has only confirmed, in France, a growing belief in the inevitability of war (de Gaulle's leading theme in his most recent speeches) and a sort of resigned acceptance of France in the powerless role of a weakened country which would have to bear the consequences of a world calamity without being able to stop the disaster.

While de Gaulle is gathering strength much more slowly than his followers expected last spring, when he started his French People's Rally, the Communists keep wondering whether their grasp on the workers and on part of the rural population has not diminished. The municipal elections on October 19 will supply many answers. A change in Ramadier's government is possible for next November, but no deep changes are expected before the winter is over. De Gaulle's friends are now spreading the word that with US support their General will be back in power by April, 1948. Communists are expected to reply with a general strike and civil war. But as things look now, nobody will have the strength or the will to fight—and that estimate should hold equally true for both the Right and the Left.

A few weeks before the real cold weather sets in, France is desperate and without delusions. As Jacques Maritain, the famous French philosopher and now France's Ambassador to the Vatican, told me during a recent visit to Paris: "This country is very sick. Europe is sick. The whole world is sick. France's only merit today may be that she is aware, more than any of the other nations, of her own sickness."

"I See a Rough Winter . . .

". . . Rising Prices . . .

". . . Shorter Rations . . .

Combat

". . . And Then Better Days—in Ten Years."

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Let 'Em Eat Ice Cream

by Mildred Edie Brady

On top of the general rise in fresh-milk prices, are you paying tribute to a dairy monopoly? You are, says the author, IF—

IF there are five in your family and if you conscientiously try to give them each a quart of milk a day—as nutritionists say you would be wise to do—then you are probably spending between $25 and $30 a month for milk if you live in a large city.

More than likely, however, you have given up trying to buy that much fresh milk. The number of families who have cut down on their fresh milk this year is so large that official government reports on the industry now speak of "the drop in fluid [fresh] milk consumption" and account for it by "the tendency of fluid milk prices to remain near the high levels of 1946."

The US Department of Agriculture finds today's milk prices "higher than might be expected." Actually, however, they are *not* higher than might have been expected. On the contrary, they are exactly what you could have predicted if you had been watching the milk business over the years. What's more, they will stay high, unless there is widespread public protest, for it is to the interest of the big milk companies to price the consumer of fresh milk out of the market today.

On the surface this doesn't seem to make much sense, for, after all, the milk companies sell you the milk and at these high prices. But for the most part the milk business has long been one in which, as they say in the industry, the tail wags the dog. That tail is the manufacture of milk products like ice cream, cheese, evaporated milk, powdered milk, butter and so on. The milk you *don't drink* as fresh milk goes into such products and the most profitable operations of the milk companies lie in their manufacture.

Just how big this milk business is depends on what you take into account in picturing it. Sometimes it is referred to as a $3 billion industry. Often it is compared to iron and steel rolling mills or to the automobile industry. Certainly, it is one of our most important industries, not only because milk is essential to children's health, but also because it is our farmers' most valuable single product.

Dominating this basic food, atop the national flow of milk that more than three million farmers take from the country's 27 million cows, are a few men—officers of a handful of great dairy-products corporations.

For many years, people have felt that something was wrong in the milk industry. There have been investigations and court cases by the score. The US Department of Justice, the Federal Trade Commission, the Temporary National Economic Committee, special congressional committees, state departments of agriculture, mayor's committees, citizens' committees—all these have dug into this business. Their investigations reveal a story that rivals anything a soap-boxer could dream up.

The story begins simply enough, however. It begins with the cow.

Although people who drink milk are apt to want more or less the same amount day in and day out (if they can afford it), cows don't give milk that way. During the spring and summer cows give more milk than in the fall and winter. Obviously, then, if there is enough milk available for the winter months, there will be more than enough during flush production seasons.

In the days when milk was still a farmer's business, milk was sold cheaply during high-production times, or used up on the farm. As cities grew bigger and farther away from farms, it became necessary to haul milk longer distances, and as public health required pasteurization of milk, city plants sprang up. Instead of delivering their own milk, farmers began to sell to local middlemen—owners of city plants where milk was pasteurized and from which it was distributed. And as new products were developed, farmers also began to sell the milk left over during the flush seasons to these same plants for manufacturing ice cream, cheese, etc.

These city plant owners were comparatively small businessmen. And like the farmers from whom they bought, they generally looked upon the distribution of fresh milk as their main business. Even before the First World War, however, some of them were beginning to find the left-over milk a surprisingly good source of profit when, for example, it was made into ice cream.

Fight for the cream

THE farmers soon began to suspect that this surplus, which the milk dealers bought so cheaply during the spring and summer, was probably not the drug on the market the dealers claimed it to be. So, here and there throughout the country, farmers began banding together in coöperatives to buy plants for themselves where they could handle their own surpluses.

The dealers fought them. And the fight was rough. While farmers were trying to organize their coöperatives, the plant owners would get together

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and outbid the coöperative for milk. When the co-op collapsed, they would push prices down again.

These battles were generally local—a series of little economic wars between small fry. Neither the farmers nor the city plant owners seem to have quite realized how big the stakes were. Then, in order to get in on the national market for milk by-products that had developed, in 1923 a holding company was organized in New York to acquire control of local milk companies.

This was the National Dairy Products Corporation.

National network

BEFORE Christmas of the following year, 1924, National Dairy had taken over 12 such local companies in six different states. By the same time the next year, 1925, it had taken over 43 companies.

The company did not build plants. It acquired plants. And today, the number of plants it controls is close to 400, located in nearly every state in the Union.

The new corporation went after all kinds of milk companies. Generally, it did not change the names of the businesses it acquired. Kraft Foods Company is, for example, a National Dairy subsidiary. So is the Sheffield Company in New York City; the Supplee-Wills-Jones Milk Company in Philadelphia; the Chestnut Farms-Chevy Chase Dairy Company in Washington, D. C.; the Franklin Ice Cream Company in Kansas City; the Thompson Ice Cream Company in Chicago, and so on. The chances are that no matter where you live you are a customer of the National Dairy Products Corporation, if not for fresh milk, then almost certainly for ice cream, cheese or evaporated milk.

Big dairy corporations as they emerged were far more interested in the possibilities of manufactured products than of fresh milk itself, but they managed to throw a smokescreen around their plans. When National Dairy's public-relations office described the company's milk-manufacturing activities as no more than a service to farmers, undertaken simply to relieve them of their surplus, not a few dairy-

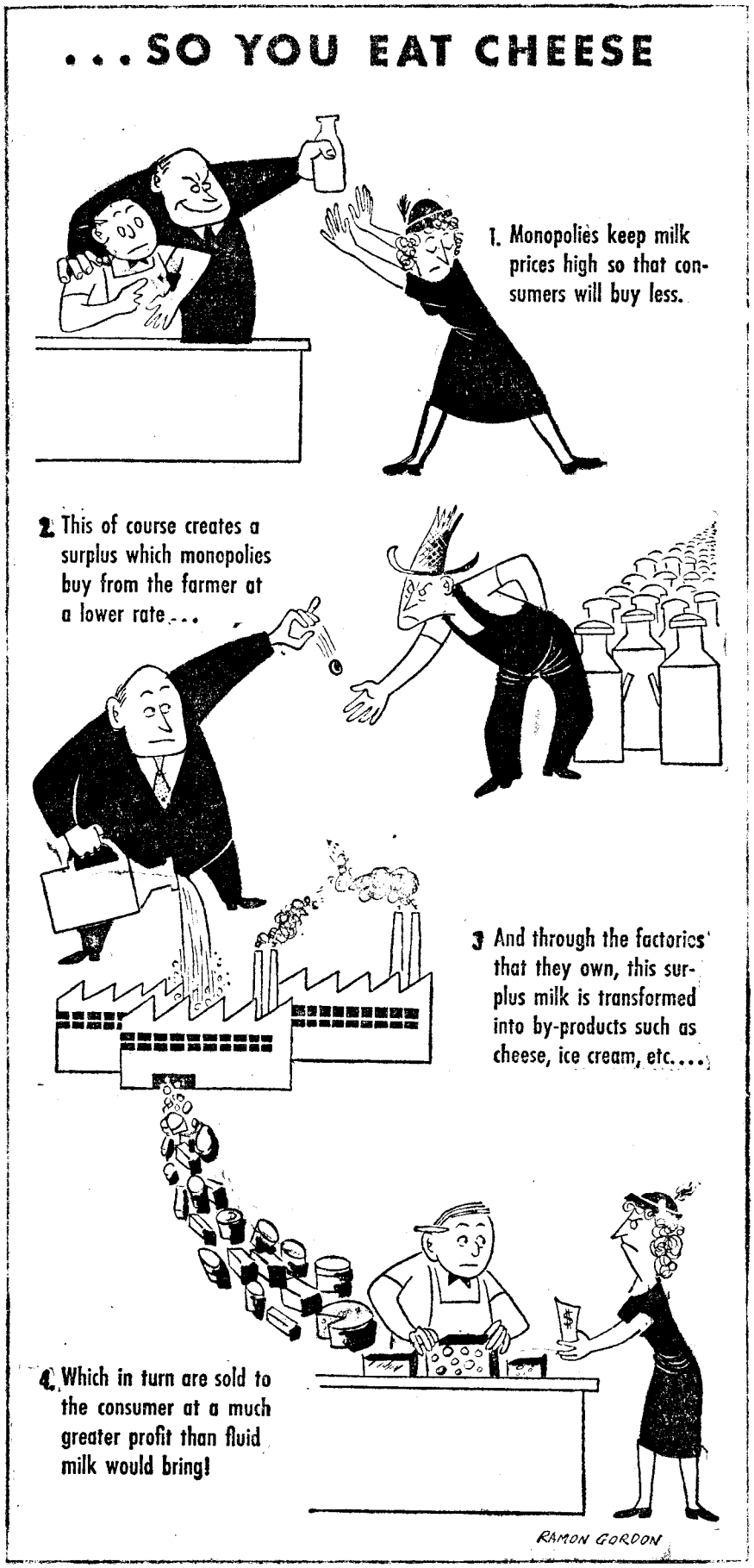
...SO YOU EAT CHEESE
1. Monopolies keep milk prices high so that consumers will buy less.
2. This of course creates a surplus which monopolies buy from the farmer at a lower rate...
3 And through the factories that they own, this surplus milk is transformed into by-products such as cheese, ice cream, etc....
4. Which in turn are sold to the consumer at a much greater profit than fluid milk would bring!
RAMON GORDON

Chart by Ramon Gordon

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men fell for it. Tons of industry advertising (called "educational material") put out by the National Dairy Council held forth on the virtues of milk. The noise grew so loud and the flood of words so torrential that everybody overlooked a few significant facts.

Most important of these was the fact that in spite of heavy promotion campaigns by the big dairy corporations, the per-capita consumption of fluid milk did not increase. It was even lower in 1939 than it had been in 1924, before the big promotion started. The main reason was that fresh-milk prices were kept high.

What everybody forgot

SECOND, nearly everybody forgot that, although all the shouting was about fresh milk, only 40 percent of the milk which farmers sold actually went into fresh milk, while 60 percent went into milk products.

Finally, little was said anywhere about the great increase in milk-products consumption that was taking place. While fresh milk per capita stayed down, per-capita consumption of ice cream doubled, and consumption of evaporated milk and cheese increased by almost one-half.

While these things were happening, farmers were still looking on the milk that they sold for manufacture into milk products as a surplus item—a drug on the market. What's more, they still do. And as a result, they sell it for less to the manufacturer.

Although the milk that goes into bottles and the milk that goes into cans or into ice cream often comes from the same farm, even the same cow, the company pays one price for the milk that goes into bottles and a lower price for that used in milk products.

This fantastic trade custom is called, in the industry, the classified-price buying plan. Here, in brief, is the way it works:

A farmer sends into one of National Dairy's subsidiary plants 100 gallons of milk. The plant decides to put half of it into bottles as fresh milk. The rest is shipped to another subsidiary to be made into ice cream and cheese.

For the 50 gallons that go into fresh milk the farmer will receive one price—the highest price, known as Class I. For the other 50 gallons, he will receive lower prices, known as Class III or Class IV prices.

An economist once described this arrangement as follows:

> Imagine the situation if the housewife paid for her milk according to the way she used it. When the milkman came to collect, she would give him a report something like this:
>
> "I poured a little off the top for coffee and I'm willing to call this Class I and pay the price I otherwise would for thin cream.
>
> "I gave my children about half of each quart to drink and I'm willing to pay the Class I price for fluid milk for this.
>
> "I cooked with a large part of this week's supply, so I'll have to pay the lower price for manufacturing milk assigned to Class III, for this.
>
> "Finally, I gave the bottom of each bottle to the cat, and for that I'm willing to pay the Class IV price, which should be determined by the market price for cat food."

Surplus into profit

NOW anybody can see that the less milk there is sold as Class I, the more there is left over for the lower-priced classes. And anybody can see that the more there is left over, the less is the aggregate price paid by the companies.

But the milk bought at low prices from farmers is not sold, as milk products, at correspondingly low prices to the consumer. The prices of ice cream and evaporated milk are, as the industry puts it, determined by a nation-wide market, where branding and advertising stimulate and create demand and allow a semi-monopolistic control over prices.

In other words, milk as a raw material is bought on a local market by a nationally organized industry which can and does create an artificial surplus of supply. Then it is sold on a national market where the selfsame nationally organized industry can create demand and put into effect a price policy that bears no relation to the price paid for the milk.

Fresh milk is sold locally, and by companies whose names do not indicate their relationship to nationwide corporations. By centering everybody's attention on the bottle of milk, the industry has been able to emphasize its local rather than its national aspects. But this cannot disguise the fact that the national industry controls fresh-milk prices in the interest of manipulating supply so as to create surpluses for profitable milk by-products.

Smaller giants

NATIONAL DAIRY was not long the only giant in the business. It is still the biggest, but it has a sizable contender in the Borden Company, which between 1928 and 1932 acquired some 200 dairy enterprises in about 18 states. There are also a few lesser lights. Typically, they do not control the best plants and usually they simply follow the two leaders so far as industry price and marketing policies go. But such companies as the Carnation Company, the Beatrice Foods Company, the Fairmont Foods Company and the Golden State Company now operate on a national market. Up until World War II the nationally organized dairy companies were able to keep things on a pretty even keel. Per-capita consumption of milk stayed down. Farmers worried about surpluses. Consumers worried about prices. And the milk companies advertised ice cream.

So things stood when government controls during the war prevented the dairy corporations from manipulating the price of fresh milk. As a result, the share of the supply which consumers drank as fresh milk rose from 40 percent to 60 percent. That was too much, from the industry point of view.

Now government controls are off and the big dairy companies are heading back to "normal conditions," one of which is a decrease in fluid-milk consumption. Hence today's high fresh-milk prices.

One of the first things a milk distributor does when citizens complain about fresh-milk prices is to reach for a black loose-leaf notebook on his desk and start reading off his costs. But the books of local affiliates of nationally organized milk companies are set up, these days, for a purpose far more important than simply that

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of keeping the company informed on how it is doing. These books are designed to throw as heavy costs as possible against the company's fresh-milk operations. This is easy to do when the firm handles millions of gallons of milk and makes several milk products as well as distributes fresh milk.

Cost of capping

WITH a sanctimonious air, a milk-company official will tell you down to a thousandth of a cent what it costs him to put a cap on a bottle of milk. But the important thing about the price of fresh milk is not these manipulated decimals he calls his costs. What is important is the total take of the company—that is, the total difference between what it charges the public and what it pays the farmer.

Even here the dice are loaded. Because of the classified-price buying plan, what the distributor says he pays is also a fiction. The Class I price which a dairy company puts down on its books as the price paid for milk is seldom what the farmer actually gets, because the company doesn't use all his milk as fresh milk. What the farmer really receives from the company is known as a blend price —a combination of what the company says it pays for fresh milk and what it says it pays for manufacturing milk. And, obviously, this blend price is always lower than the Class I price.

But even if you take this fiction of the high price paid the farmer and look at the difference between it and what the consumer pays, you will find an interesting fact about today's milk prices. This difference is called, in the business, the "distributor's margin." Today, distributors' margins are close to double what they were before the war, and profits, even after reserves, have increased more than 100 percent.

The milk companies will give you harried explanations of how their costs have gone up. They will be silent, however, about how their costs have gone down. The most important of these reductions lies in the practice of every-other-day delivery.

During the war, milk deliveries were cut down to save manpower, equipment, gas and oil. Since the delivery of milk is the single most important cost in a distributor's business, this reduction in deliveries represented a considerable saving (estimated to vary between 1.5 cents and 2.5 cents a quart). For the consumer, of course, every-other-day delivery meant a 50-percent cut in service from the milk company. But consumers got no corresponding reduction in price. The milk companies pocketed those savings. Since then, the government war order which enforced every-other-day delivery has been rescinded. But in most cities daily delivery service has not been restored. The milk distributor is still pocketing these savings.

Then there is the matter of quality. When fats were short, the War Food Administration asked that the butter-fat content of fluid milk be cut down, and in most big-city markets it was. This also represented a saving to distributors, because another one of the curious practices in the milk industry is to pay the farmer prices which are based on the amount of fat in the milk. When milk of a lower fat content is sold as fluid milk, that milk costs the distributor less.

When the War Food Administration asked that the fat content of milk be cut, distributors complied with alacrity. No corresponding price reductions, however, were made to consumers. And in most city markets today, milk is still below the prewar fat content, although no government order now requires it.

Cash and carry

THERE is still another way in which milk companies have been making savings, and that is by the gradually increasing sales of milk through grocery stores. It costs a good deal less to distribute milk through stores than it does to deliver it to homes. When a consumer buys milk at a store and carts it home, he is doing part of the distribution work himself.

As more people buy milk from stores and pay the same price (or only a little less) than they did for home-delivered milk, milk distributors are keeping for themselves the savings that result.

How much should you pay for milk? Since the local market for fresh milk is the one that is manipulated to create the artificial surpluses, and since local conditions vary, the price of milk also varies from city to city. In nearly all cases prices are up about 100 percent over prewar levels, but in some places milk costs 18 cents a quart today while in others it is as high as 25 cents.

You're being gypped IF

THIS much is clear. You, as a fresh-milk consumer, are taking a beating on prices:

1. If the price of milk sold in stores is not at least three cents below the price of home-delivered milk;

2. If every distributor of milk, regardless of size or efficiency, sells milk at the same price;

3. If there is a state law in your state fixing the resale price of milk—*i.e.*, the price to consumers.

These state laws are not to be confused with the policies of the OPA. The OPA fixed *maximum* prices. These laws fix *minimum* prices. That means that a milk dealer can be thrown into jail if he charges a cent less than the fixed price. And in some states he can actually be put out of business for giving extra service—that is, for delivering milk every day instead of every other day.

Nearly twenty states have such resale price laws for milk. Without exception, they were pushed through by the efforts of dairy-company lobbies. Also without exception, the local control boards set up under such laws are little more than official state agencies for expressing the vested interests of the big dairy corporations. In a word, these state laws actually put state police power behind monopoly prices.

Removing such laws from the statute books will not be enough, however, to bring the price of fresh milk within the reach of the lower-income family. More will be needed. Until the public shakes itself loose from the big milk managers who are playing with its health and well-being, we shall continue to have high milk prices and rickety children.

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India's Black Morning

by Edmond Taylor

As late as 1945, Englishmen in India were fond of saying, "Six months after we leave, there won't be a virgin or a rupee left in the country."

Less than two months have passed since India threw off the yoke of empire and there must be hundreds of square miles in the Punjab and huge, populous areas of Calcutta and Delhi about which it would be an understatement to say that not a virgin nor a rupee is left. Nothing is left but horror. What has happened is very nearly what British imperialists, through listening to their own propaganda, had convinced themselves was going to happen.

In some ways it is worse. It is not because the jolly old Pathan of the Northwest Frontier is raiding the plains again that the vultures have come down by the thousands out of the vast, empty Indian sky to feast as they have not feasted since the Great Mutiny. It is not even because the ending of some 200 years of *Pax Britannica* has set free riot and rapine in the slums of the great cities and in the gaunt villages of the vast, dim hinterland which the British liked to call the "mofussil." It is because millions of Moslems, Sikhs and Hindus who have never heard the word "genocide" none the less have been attempting to rid the only world they know of a delusive enmity by the systematic extermination of local minority groups.

Now this social tornado appears to have spent itself—or perhaps India is only enjoying a momentary lull in the center of it—but the toll of its wreckage, as disclosed by the dispatches of American correspondents on the spot, is daily mounting: somewhere between 50,000 and 250,000 human beings massacred; four million new DP's herded in improvised stockades without food, water or sanitation, or marching under guard toward the frontiers in columns 50,000 to 100,000 strong; while in the two capitals of India, military censorship blacks out the course of these pitiful migrations in the hope of saving the refugees from new attacks.

The Western world has witnessed even greater horrors in the last 10 years, but not since the Wars of Religion—if then—has it seen such an insensate, such an elemental horror. It is a black morning for the new free India, a wakening to nightmare—and this Eastern nightmare, like so many others, shows signs of seeping into the Western mind, which already has wild dreams enough of its own.

No propagandist of empire has yet stood up at Lake Success to point the moral, but we probably have not long to wait. We shall be told, doubtless, that the Dutch have a sacred mission to prevent a new Punjab horror from developing in Indonesia. We shall be asked whether we want to see Cambodian refugees clubbed or hacked to death in the railway station of Caigon. We may hear some wonder whether we were not a little too hasty in quitting the Philippines and we shall almost certainly hear others thank God that those starry-eyed reformers have not had their way in Mississippi and Alabama, too.

Freedom for India has been a goal and an ideal to civilized men all over the world for so long a time that it will be hard to prevent some echo of these sneers from reverberating in our hearts. And it is almost impossible to prevent a doubt from arising in our minds as to whether the Indian people are ready for self-government. Could it be that we have been wrong all these years? This is a dangerous kind of doubt, one that can lead far—and has led many far. Before yielding to it, we should try to understand some of the real causes of the nightmare in India.

The first point to be made is a negative one. Communal warfare broke out in India after the transfer of sovereignty from the British raj to the dominions of Pakistan and India had taken place, but not because of the withdrawal of British police power. Effective British police power

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Edmond Taylor, author of the best-seller Richer by Asia *and also* Strategy of Terror, *covered the Spanish civil war for the Chicago* Tribune *and the fall of France for CBS. In the early part of World War II he was head of the psychological section of the OSS training board and later served for two years as chief of the OSS for the Southeastern Asia Command.*

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has not existed in India for nearly two years. Had the same situation developed in the Punjab six months or a year ago, as it very nearly did, the Viceroy's government and the Indian army would have been almost as powerless to suppress it as were the governments of India and Pakistan (50 years ago they might have restored order on the basis of killing the peasants instead of letting them kill each other).

The one advantage the British raj would have possessed over its successors—a useful but minor one—is that it could have operated with administrative machinery which had not just been thrown into chaos by the shuffling and reshuffling of personnel, files and equipment between the two dominions. The temporary administrative breakdown caused by the partitioning of India certainly had something to do with the breakdown of law and order.

IF it was not the British withdrawal which precipitated the outbreaks in the Punjab, in Delhi and in Calcutta, what was it? The fact of partition—Pakistan? Ultimately, yes. Immediately, no. Pakistan was a sinister idea from the beginning, a sure-fire recipe for civil war in a country as socially complex as India. Even the British government, which under Churchill had done its best to encourage this poisonous growth, came to see the danger and seemingly made an honest, if belated, attempt to avert it.

Thanks to Admiral Mountbatten's political adroitness—thanks still more to the Indian Congress leaders who achieved a political magnanimity surpassing even Lincoln's—the danger of full-scale civil war in India was at least temporarily prevented. The link with the British Crown has furnished the two Indian dominions with a common bond that takes some of the venom out of partition.

Moslems and Hindus of all factions could, and did, agree on the principle of partition, but it was impossible for them to discuss it without reanimating all the old prejudices and exacerbating all the old quarrels that have divided the two communities for centuries. How could it be otherwise? In America we have seen often enough how dangerous it is to let racial or religious prejudice become a political issue.

PAKISTAN converted Moslem-Hindu relations from a social into a political and almost a military issue, which divided India into two passionately opposed camps, much as Secession—with slavery in the background—once divided the United States into two passionately opposed camps. Still the Indians did not fight, as did the North and South in this country. The Indians agreed to secede and let secession take place without war. They agreed on everything—until they found it was impossible to draw satisfactory or even tolerable frontier lines between the two dominions (as impossible as it would be to establish the frontiers of the Negro problem in America).

In the end Sir Cyril Radcliffe, the British chairman of a mixed commission, had to cut the Gordian knot. He drew his own line—and both sides were infuriated and the border populations in the Punjab, inflamed by months of local friction and national agitation, went berserk. That is what actually precipitated the recent outbreaks.

Drawings by James Egleson

Even so, the fratricidal massacre might not have exceeded what might be called normal Indian standards of horror if the frontier between Pakistan and India had not split the Sikh lands of the Punjab in two. The Sikhs, a warlike minority group, hopelessly overshadowed by the two greater communities and imbued with an increasingly fanatical nationalism, were not overjoyed at the thought of being ruled from Delhi, and would have screamed to high heaven if they had been placed en bloc within the borders of Pakistan. To be split into two helpless fragments, partitioned between two alien sovereignties, was both the most catastrophic and the most humiliating thing that could have happened to them, and they went mad—thus detonating the stored dynamite of social insanity as far away as Delhi and Karachi.

THERE is no possible way of excusing or minimizing this bestial madness which has seized not only the Sikhs but millions of Moslems and Hindus as well. However, the very element of madness which gives such a nightmare quality to this communal killing in India, carries with it a kind of desperate hope. It is so insane that it cannot be mistaken for anything but insanity—in the end not even by the Indians themselves. In its uncontrolled fury it is unlike anything in the West, but in its central core of delusion it is close kin to those disciplined and rationalized Western insanities which gave us World Wars I and II and are at present building up World War III.

Hope for India should not be buried prematurely. There is hope for India as long as Indians cannot control their madness sufficiently to build and launch atomic bombs with it. And there is hope for us if we can recognize in Indian madness our own insanity dressed in Indian garb.

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Selling Dreams in Marble Halls

by Jerome Ellison

Every year the Saturday Evening Post *publishers furnish a make-believe world to readers of 300 million magazines*

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE in Philadelphia is a green and pleasant park containing three ancient buildings of high historic interest—Independence Hall, Congress Hall and the quarters of the American Philosophical Society. It is bounded by buildings of more recent origin, housing such enterprises as Scottie's Restaurant, Ben Gurk's Fountain Lunch and the Curtis Publishing Company.

The ten-story, block-long façade of the Curtis Building dominates the Square. Entering its famous white-marble lobby through a portico of three-story Corinthian columns, one finds a fish tank the size of a Hollywood swimming pool, with real goldfish, and a woodland mural in mosaic tile. The building's 30 acres of floor space are crammed with offices and machinery, and its occupants produce the *Saturday Evening Post,* the *Ladies' Home Journal,* the *Country Gentleman, Holiday* and a magazine for children called *Jack and Jill.*

Curtis promotion men are fond of referring to the aggregate as "Curtis City, a City within a City, 6,000 Happy Workers Laboring in the Nation's Welfare." To the visitor, Curtis employees do not seem conspicuously happier than the general run of Philadelphians, but at all events they have produced and sold more magazines for more money than any other publishing house in the world. Their present gait is 300 million copies a year.

Each twelvemonth their presses chew up 175,000 tons of paper and swallow 10 million pounds of ink. In 1946 their gross was $100 million, from which they were able to extract a net of $4 million. Their president, Walter D. Fuller, who is also an ex-president of the National Association of Manufacturers, expects their 1947 gross to exceed $120 million. The simple mathematics of dividing the annual Curtis output by the number of Americans who can read reveals that every literate American reads a Curtis publication at least four times in an average year. More sanguine estimates raise this figure to 20 times a year.

Curtis is one of the very few self-contained magazine publishing companies in the world that has every step from pine tree to reader under its direct control. Its wholly-owned subsidiaries include the Curtis Circulation Company (newsstand distribution), the Moore-Cottrell Subscription Agencies (subscriptions), National Analysts (market research) and an electrotype company. It is a large stockholder in the New York and Pennsylvania Paper Company.

Although other publishing empires have challenged its financial position, Curtis remains on top. Time, Inc., with *Time, Life, Fortune* and *Architectural Forum* in the field, pressed Curtis hard last year with a gross of $96 million. Crowell-Collier, with *Collier's, Woman's Home Companion* and *American Magazine,* grossed $58 million. In October, 1946, Curtis hung up another record for the field to shoot at. A single issue of its *Ladies' Home Journal* produced $2,162,000 in revenue from the sale of advertising space.

Born yesterday

IN the Curtis Publishing Company, as in so many things Philadelphian, the present is inseparable from the past. And the dominant figure of its past is Cyrus H. K. (for Hermann Kotzschmar) Curtis, who was born in Portland, Maine, in 1850. As a boy Curtis sold papers, and made rather a good thing of it. Then, after a spell of clerking in Portland during his teens, he moved to Boston, where he spent 10 discouraging years on several shoestring publications, but found a wife. In 1879 he moved to Philadelphia, borrowed $2,000 from his new brother-in-law, acquired a partner and started a weekly called the *Tribune and Farmer.* Rather as an afterthought, he added a woman's section, which he filled with clips from other sources. Mrs. Curtis, clearly a woman of spunk and discernment, thought his selections silly, and, in 1883, took on the job of editing the section herself.

The following year, Curtis offered readers a chance to subscribe to the

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Jerome Ellison has been an associate editor of the Reader's Digest, *editor-in-chief of* Liberty, *managing editor of* Collier's, *and founder and editor of '47. He is now writing his third novel, which will appear next spring.*

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woman's supplement separately. The response convinced him that something very, very special had come his way. The same year he split on policy with his partner, so Curtis offered to take the woman's supplement and let the partner have the *Tribune and Farmer*. The partner agreed, took over the *T&F*, and failed with it inside a year. The woman's supplement, under Curtis, made history.

When Curtis had started this section, he had tossed his clips at the printer without so much as a title. To the typesetter's query, Curtis replied vaguely that it was a kind of ladies' journal. The printer, a literal-minded soul, set up the words "Ladies Journal," and, to designate its subject matter, placed under it the word "Home." Subscribers wrote in for "The Ladies Home Journal," and the name stuck.

Curtis now went to the venerable Philadelphia advertising company of N. W. Ayer and Son and asked for a half a million dollars in credit. During the next five years he ran through the half-million and quite a bit more, but lifted his magazine into the black.

Sure-fire woman's talk

THERE was no attempt during this period to hide the connection between editorial and advertising activity. Whenever he could, Curtis learned who an advertiser's pet author was, bought a piece from the author, and confronted the advertiser with a direct how-about-it. Once the burden of routine editing became too heavy for Mrs. Curtis, the choice for a full-time editor fell on Edward Bok (who later married her daughter Mary Louise).

The son of a poor but educated Dutch immigrant family, Bok at 26 had already shown himself to be an able advertising writer, a shrewd women's editor and a sharp businessman. He had developed the world's first newspaper woman's page and was syndicating it profitably. He was an indefatigable shaker of famous literary hands, and filled the new *Journal* with famous writing names and sure-fire woman's talk. He was just as hipped as Curtis was on the Success formula. In women's terms, he reasoned, Success meant being well married, well informed, well dressed and well loved. His magazine bulged with instructions in these matters, and became the first periodical in history to reach a circulation exceeding two million.

House that Curtis built

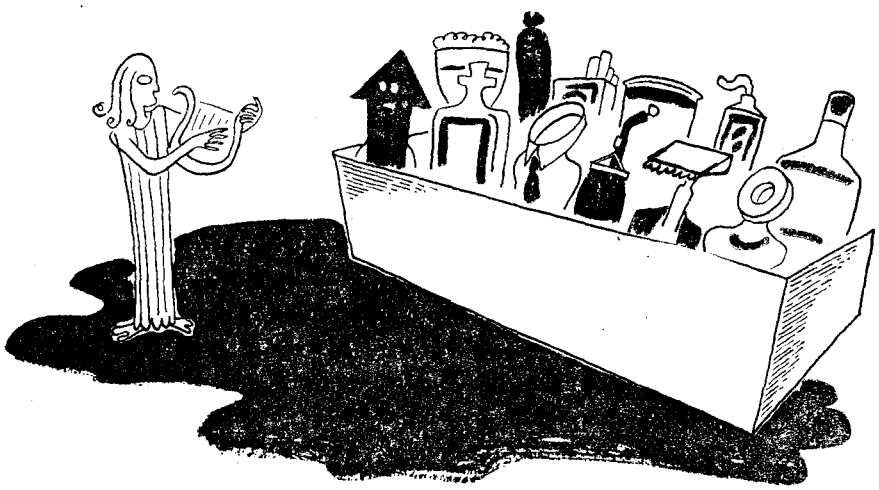
BUT the genius who built the company was Curtis, and he built as a merchant builds. His first concern was to give his customers more for their money than any competitor could. He set up his own printing plant in 1891, thereby obtaining a tremendous advantage over competitors who farmed out their printing. With this machine under him, Curtis sought new fields. His pet idea for a long time had been a national weekly for men. As a youth, the reading which had most inspired him had been the fictionalized business romances of Richard B. Kimball. Here was a formula perfectly adapted to a magazine that proposed to live by advertising. Every advertiser was a businessman, and in such romances every businessman is a hero.

In 1897 Curtis bought the name of Benjamin Franklin and the title of the *Saturday Evening Post* for $1,000. It was the same *Pennsylvania Gazette* that Franklin had started in 1728, but its name had been changed and the rundown paper had for years been maintained out of sentiment as a reprint magazine.

Curtis geared his organization for a long haul with a heavy load, and hired as editor a 29-year-old named George Horace Lorimer. Lorimer, son of a Kentucky preacher, had given up a $5,000-a-year job with Armour's packing house in Chicago, and gone to Colby College for two years of just reading. When Curtis approached him, Lorimer thought the idea of revealing the romance of business was perfectly wonderful. The new weekly would have stories just like Kimball's, told by the most expensive writers of the time and printed in large format. It would, moreover, be backed by as many millions as might be required to put it over, or, less charitably, to shove it down the public's throat. It took five years and three to six million, but the trick was turned.

George Horace Lorimer became the literary prophet of Taft and Harding, Coolidge and Hoover, Smoot and Hawley, the sponsor of Garet Garrett, the guardian of Tugboat Annie and the inimitable, praises be, Mr. Tutt. He was the greatest success of his profession when Success seemed the highest attainable virtue. He dined with Presidents and with business and financial leaders who were at times more influential than Presidents. The gods believed in their divinity as completely as the worshipers, and Lorimer was one of the gods.

Lorimer's *Post* was an incredible nickel's worth, and its circulation broke all records. It was so fat with advertising that some issues were actually worth more than a nickel in their resale value as waste paper. On these occasions, Curtis circulation men had to police the local junk dealers



Drawings by Joyce

PET AUTHOR OF THE ADVERTISERS

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whose sudden literary interest prompted them to read the *Post* by the wagon-load. The high point was reached, significantly, with the issue dated December 7, 1929, which ran to 272 pages and weighed more than a pound.

Save for the purchase and rehabilitation of the *Country Gentleman,* an 80-year-old farm journal acquired in 1911 and noteworthy in Curtis history mainly in its function as talent school (of the 13 current directors, five are Country Gent alumni), we have now sketched the company about as it appeared at the beginning of the Roosevelt Era.

This new epoch was a time of such anguish for the lords of Curtis that to this day, in the environs of Independence Square, New Deal is almost as terrible a cuss word as Deficit. Throughout the slump the *Post* went on believing in the vanishing American dream of Business Unlimited, and to George Horace Lorimer the illusion was life itself; there was no giving up the one without the other. Business was sick, but if left alone it would get well. Lorimer let his readers know that Herbert Hoover was their man, and he expected them to do as he imagined they had always done—as he told them. Their disobedience was a blow from which he never entirely recovered. He continued as editor for four more years and died at 69, not many months after Franklin Roosevelt's second inaugural. Some see a connection between the two events.

Deep in the red

THE 1930's were black years in the House of Curtis. By the end of this decade the three men who had always told people what to do were all dead (Bok '30, Curtis '33, Lorimer '37). The *Post* and *Journal,* once supposed to be invincible, were for the first time since their infancy deep in red ink and sinking deeper. To make matters worse, the *Post* had a new rival in Henry Luce's *Life,* founded in 1935, which actually passed it in circulation and advertising revenue. By the autumn of 1941 the directors decided that Wesley Winans Stout, the former small-town newspaperman whom they had installed as Lorimer's successor, would not do.

One reason for their concern was that the *Post's* attitude toward the war in Europe had not been popular. It was, to the *Post,* the President's war. In October, 1939, Milton Mayer, of whom we shall presently hear more, had written an article called "I Think I'll Sit This One Out," in which he said he could find no issues involved in the growing conflict worth fighting for. Shortly before Pearl Harbor a *Post* editorial protested the diversion of goods from civilian to military needs.

Hatred backfires

JUST before his replacement, Stout had scheduled a series of three articles on Jews in America. The first two, one by Waldo Frank, the other by Jerome Frank, were unexciting but dignified pieces and passed with little notice. But the third, by sitter-outer Mayer, packed a higher voltage of hatred and bitterness than either its author or its publisher apparently realized. It appeared in the issue dated March 28, 1942. On many stands, Curtis magazines went behind the counter. Circulation dropped, and so did advertising. What was said behind closed doors by agency men will probably never be generally known, but it was so pointed that certain Curtis executives still cringe at the mention of it.

It would be unkind, perhaps, to suggest that the Curtis Publishing Company was saved by the gong—the war—but it would not be altogether foolhardy. Certainly the company's outlook a few months after Pearl Harbor could hardly have been bleaker. Its gross was down from the 1929 peak of $84.6 million to $50 million in 1941, and it was operating at a rate of loss it could not sustain indefinitely. Its major publications looked and sounded old-fashioned.

A TIME OF ANGUISH

The war was a bonanza for all established publishers. Because paper was rationed on a basis of previous consumption, new competition was eliminated and old competition frozen. While the supply of printed matter was restricted, the demand for it soared, and practically everything in print sold out. At the same time advertisers, partly in order to get rid of money that would otherwise go to taxes, and partly to keep alive brand names that would be off the shelves for the duration, clamored for space. Bewildered space salesmen found themselves saying "no" to clients whom they had a few months before beseeched.

In this five-year breather, Curtis put its house in order. The tidying-up was directed by the Curtis board of directors, which numbers 13 when all are present in the cherry-paneled board room overlooking the Square. One of them is Mrs. Efrem Zimbalist, the 71-year-old daughter of Cyrus Curtis and former wife of Edward Bok. Two directors, Ben Hibbs and Bruce Gould, are Curtis editors. The remaining 10 are businessmen. Seven of these 10 are Curtis career men who have worked their way to their present eminence from such positions as space salesman, bookkeeper and circulation and plant foreman; the other three are a bank president, a paper manufacturer and an insurance man. Of the 10 Curtis directors listed in *Who's Who,* all who mentioned a political allegiance declared themselves Republicans.

Aware that the war boom would not last forever, Curtis' president Fuller appointed a commission in 1943 to poke around and see what the company might do when the fighting was over. The commission was to investigate the chances of setting up a picture weekly that would give the feared and

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hated *Life* some real competition, and was further instructed to peel an eye for new magazine ideas.

In due course the commission reported that another picture magazine was feasible, all right, but it would take a fearful amount of money, even for Curtis. As for a new publication, J. Frank Beaman, of the commission, suggested a different kind of travel magazine, stressing vacation possibilities and to be called *Holiday*. The first issue of *Holiday* appeared in March, 1946. Its print order was 435,000 and it sold out; but for the next four months its sales decreased each month. In midsummer the ailing magazine was revitalized by an infusion of editorial talent from the picture-magazine project with which Curtis had been experimenting, and which was then abandoned. As the emphasis shifted from economy to elegance and a crew of name writers and photographers were put on the road, *Holiday* moved over into the big time. But although the magazine's circulation guarantee is now 750,000, it still operates heavily in the red. A Curtis spokesman has said that it will probably take more dollars to turn the corner with *Holiday* than any other Curtis publication has required, and that means something upwards of three million.

Hibbs of the Post

MEANWHILE the resurrection of the *Post,* the heart of the Curtis empire, began with the appointment of Ben Hibbs as editor in 1942. Hibbs, who in 1946 was paid $74,000 for his contribution to the nation's welfare, is a 46-year-old Kansan who has been a small-town newspaperman, a journalism professor at a Midwest college, an associate editor and finally editor of the *Country Gentleman.* He is tall, easy-going and direct. His apparent immunity from the megalomania that afflicted Bok and Lorimer, his knack for combining authority with humility, have made him liked inside and outside his staff. When he can't be brilliant as an editor he contents himself with being sound.

The changes Hibbs made in the *Post* are plastic surgery; the bone structure of the old *Post* has been left

THEIR DISOBEDIENCE WAS A BLOW

intact. The issue on my desk, which is a recent one, carries five success stories (political, commercial, sports, labor and Grand Old Character), a foreign piece (Japan) and a Now It Can Be Told (by Admiral Halsey). It has two serials, a straight whodunit and a boy-girl chase after an international jewel thief. The four short stories are on about the same level, which is not high.

Post editorials, which are of necessity conservative, have become briefer and strive more often to be constructive. Screaming and rending of garments are out. Tearful isolationism has been replaced by a new note of dawning international awareness and a restraint that better suits a proper conservative. Hibbs has shortened and brightened up articles, has hired able correspondents and spotted them wisely around the globe. His is a better *Post,* but it is built on the same formula—Success.

Piffle, Dear!

WHAT Hibbs has done for the *Post,* husband-and-wife editors Bruce and Beatrice Gould have done for the battered *Ladies' Home Journal.* This stalwart had become what is known as a "service" magazine (How to Stitch a Buttonhole More Simply, How to Prevent Canned Peaches from Spoiling, etc.). The Goulds have given its typography, layout and illustration a face-lifting and broadened its viewpoint to a contemporary version of Bok's: How to Get a Man in a Ladylike Manner, How to Keep Him Once You Get Him, the Enlightened Woman of Today, and What They're Going to Wear.

A recent issue will serve to illustrate. The "Letter to Joan," advice of a modern mother to her daughter in college, is one of the *Journal's* most popular features. The thing that has the girls up at school stumped this month is: Girls who readily hop into bed with boys seem to enjoy a certain inexplicable popularity. Now with the man shortage and all, a girl has to keep pitching, and yet—well, you know, Mother. To this puzzler, Mother wisely replies along these general lines: Now, with all these girls hopping into bed right and left, there won't be many virgins left, will there, dear? And the discriminating man, once he gets through fooling around, will want to marry a virgin, won't he, dear? So actually you stand a much better chance if you wait, because of your premium value, don't you see, dear? As for the man shortage, why piffle. There are areas of the world where men are actually more numerous than women, and the Bureau of Labor Statistics has charts showing exactly where they are. But later, dear. Lovingly. Mother.

That's non-fiction. "Peggy Makes the Grade" is a fair example of the fiction. This is also about a mother with a daughter in college. This daughter's problem is that she isn't getting any dates, even though it's a co-ed college. Mother runs up there, at great inconvenience, to see what's the trouble. She discovers that Peggy is too shy. Mother soon fixes *that,* gives Peggy a date without seeming to, and goes home physically exhausted but feeling a hell of a sight better inside.

The selection of such material is more scientific than you might suppose. Curtis maintains a research department,

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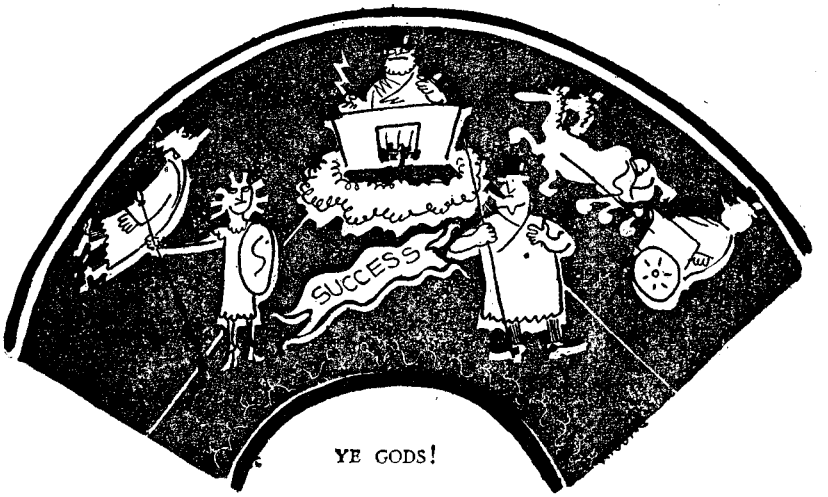


used by editors of all its publications, which issues a sort of private Gallup Poll. Interviewers go forth with each new issue and ask sample readers how they like what's in it, item by item. The results of these polls are among Curtis' closely guarded secrets.

The secrecy seems rather unnecessary, as the information is available from other studies made in the trade. The lowdown, if you are curious, is this: All readers like to read about their insides (medical stuff) and their minds (psychology). Next to that they like to read about other people, the men preferring to read about men and the women about women. In either case, the subjects should be successes at whatever they're doing, regardless of whether it's worth doing in the first place. Men like national and foreign affairs; women don't care so much. Women like fiction; men are relatively cool even to men's fiction and definitely cool to Curtis fiction. Everybody likes pictures. Work of exceptional merit can upset this order, but such work is too rare to be a factor.

All this should not imply that Curtis material is always on the level of "Peggy Makes the Grade." The *Journal* has printed some useful information on an advanced level. It financed Harold Stassen's European tour, which yielded a series that would do credit to almost any magazine. Its "How America Lives" series has produced some superb reporting, and even the "Letters to Joan" discuss honest problems in an honest and sometimes even mature way. In the case of the *Post*, either moral courage or good journalism, or both, recently dictated the printing of Edgar Snow's pieces on the Russian point of view (imagine the *New Republic* printing a piece by Herbert Hoover on balancing the budget).

Thus refurbished, with a snappy new print shop a-building, with the formulas scraped down and painted, Curtis faces the perils of the postwar world. (The other Curtis magazines follow the *Post-Journal-Holiday* success pattern: *Jack and Jill* is read by an increasing number—400,000—of young citizens, and the *Country Gentleman* remains a solid fixture of the American hinterland.) The indications are that Curtis will do all right.

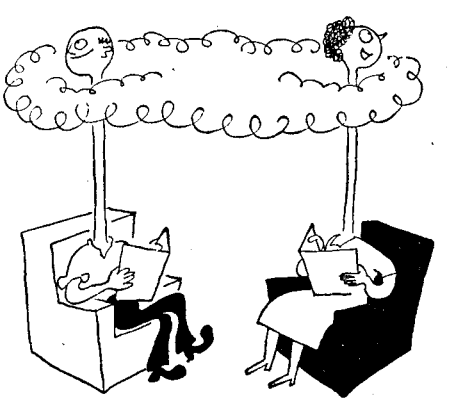
The American dream

IN *The First Freedom* Morris Ernst described the alliance between big business and newspapers. It will not be stop-press news to point out that American mass-circulation magazines (*i.e.*, those selling more than a million copies per issue) are operated by a dozen companies, all dependent for existence on about 200 advertisers. Curtis features, such as extensive foreign reporting and full-color printing, are enormously expensive and would have been impossible without huge revenues from advertising. Such editorial blessings have been bought at a cost. The crusading heritage of Lincoln Steffens and his *Shame of the Cities*, of Ida M. Tarbell and her *History of the Standard Oil Company*, of Samuel Hopkins Adams and his *Great American Fraud*, of H. L. Mencken and his *Prejudices*, is no more. The magazines which published their work all eventually failed, and later publishers have been more prudent.

From the very start, Cyrus Curtis wanted to build magazines that would please advertisers, and thus presumably would fit in with their views. But while national advertisers have underwritten America's great magazine empires, their history has been written largely by their readers. Whether you like it or not, Americans in the mass buy magazines primarily to dream, not primarily to be informed. Pa may be a thoughtful union man in the shop, but when he picks up a magazine he likes to study the ads for new cars. Ma may be solid for price controls, but she loves the pictures of the new kitchens and is delighted when the shy girl makes good. One sees enough of the seamy side at first hand. In the magazine one can dream—dream of Success.

Mass publishers know that this taste is the foundation of their industry, and they cultivate it with care. So great is their care that little or nothing which disturbs this dream is allowed to appear in their pages. The high journalistic urge to search, inquire and report the world as it exists must be curbed in the interest of describing a world of illusion.

And so Edgar, in the vivid, unforgettable story of a modern young businessman, gets to be vice-president of the hardware concern after all, and wins a nice girl besides—heiress of the Mobile Motor millions, incidentally, and a looker. Peggy, of course, Makes Good, every month and in several different ways. Not the highest attainable standard of periodical journalism? Come, let us be sensible. We are in business, and business is good.



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Books in Review

Down the Middle

GERMANY: BRIDGE OR BATTLEGROUND, by James P. Warburg (The Macmillan Company; $3).

STRUGGLE FOR GERMANY, by Russell Hill (Harper and Brothers; $3).

THE SOLUTION OF THE GERMAN PROBLEM, by Wilhelm Ropke (G. P. Putnam's Sons; $3).

NOTHING can become of Germany unless the victors reach agreement among themselves as to what shall become of Germany." This was written in the January, 1947, issue of the Hamburg *Norddeutsche Hefte.* In trying to evaluate the ultimate effectiveness of the Moscow Conference with regard to Germany's future, the magazine showed its awareness of the real forces behind the German problem and, incidentally, of Germany's inability to put her own house in order.

Obviously the German problem is German only in a limited sense of the word. At least two of the authors whose books are discussed below—James P. Warburg and Russell Hill—have shown its true nature as a European and a global problem, and more particularly as an open conflict between the United States and Soviet Russia.

Warburg's *Germany: Bridge or Battleground,* with its balanced, sober and intelligent analysis of an extremely complicated situation, is an ideal history textbook. There is a valuable appendix of documents, beginning with the Atlantic Charter and ending with the Anglo-American Merger Agreement of December, 1946. (But why is there no index?)

Among other things, Warburg explains the Allied failure to agree on a clear policy for Germany by saying that Russia was motivated "almost solely" by her desire to extract reparations; France "by an almost exclusive emphasis on partition; Britain by preoccupation with restoring the prewar map of the world; and the United States by concern over preserving the

world's prewar economic order." Out of these basically irreconcilable views arose the numerous misunderstandings and unworkable compromises under which the Big Four are laboring today, and which have reduced the German problem, broadly speaking, to a conflict between East and West.

This is precisely what Warburg feels should have been avoided. "There can be no period of tranquillity . . . If Germany comes under the control of either East or West." Not only German aggression but also her role as "pawn or partner" in any future conflict must be prevented.

Concerning future territorial adjustments, Warburg suggests that industrial upper Silesia should remain with Poland—provided Germany keeps the Ruhr—while lower Silesia, Pomerania and parts of Brandenburg should be returned to Germany, and France would be compensated by the "incorporation" of the Saar.

THE crux of the matter is, of course, the industrial Ruhr. "Coal lies at the heart of the problem of European recovery," and Warburg's plan for a just distribution of European coal would be "something in the nature of a European Coal Authority, in some respects similar to our Tennessee Valley Authority," while the same principle might be applied to other sources of raw materials. If a short-range plan for Germany "recognizes that all the coal in Europe should be Europe's coal, and not the sole property of individual nations, it will be a plan of great promise. . . ."

ACCORDING to latest reports, the Ruhr will be administered by German industrialists under a joint American-British control authority, with the ultimate purpose of making Germany the greatest steel producer of continental Europe. On this point Warburg argues as follows: "It will not be *what* the German machine produces so much as for *whom* it produces. . . . If it produces for the German people, and if the German people become adult, it will probably produce for peace, even though it is permitted to turn out products with a high war potential."

However, there is little evidence to show that the Anglo-American plan was initiated for the benefit of a peaceful Europe, and even less evidence that the German people have become adult. This does not invalidate Warburg's concept, but merely shows that British and American *Realpolitik* seem to follow different aims. In line with this development, all plans for nationalizing the Ruhr mines have been abandoned.

This is all the more disturbing, for, as the author declares, "The westward thrusting of communism will not be stopped at any physical frontier. It can be stopped only by a planned United States-aided reconstruction so liberal and even revolutionary as to meet the challenge on its own ground. . . ." This is a bold idea, but no bolder than Warburg's detailed proposal submitted to the War Department in February, 1944, for the creation of a future Germany. "What is to be desired is the birth of democracy, even if it has

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Drawings by Harry Dix

to be attended by a certain amount of disorder," he said then. He was, of course, referring to the long overdue German revolution. His proposal was rejected because "the government of the United States cannot undertake a policy designed to induce chaos."

Let us suppose, for the sake of argument, that our policy-makers would be willing to meet the Communist challenge in Europe "on its own grounds." But would they be *able* to do so? It would mean giving up our economic advance positions and the abdication of imperialism in all its forms. By the time we had done this, we would have made, as it were, a "revolution by consent." It is difficult, if not impossible, to visualize such a development in our present society.

IF Russell Hill's *Struggle for Germany* is accorded less space here, it is primarily because he says essentially the same things as Warburg. He is another enlightened American who believes that "the best way to combat communism in Europe today is with socialism," and he also emphasizes the "East-West ideological and power conflict" in relation to Germany.

Hill proposes to outlaw anything in German industry that is "useful for war and only for war" by means of a simplified administrative procedure, and to establish an "international constabulary backed by force" to function during a probationary period. Like Warburg, he cites Czechoslovakia as an example of a socialistic state guaranteeing the freedom of democratic institutions—a model which might conceivably inspire the planners for a future Germany.

Both Hill and Warburg favor a federal structure for all of Germany which will prevent any one of the German states from dominating the whole. Hill's comments on the attitude of the average German corroborate reports of other qualified observers: there is no sense of guilt over the calamity the Germans have brought upon themselves and the world.

THE question of German collective responsibility is foremost in the mind of Wilhelm Ropke, author of *The Solution of the German Problem.* Professor Ropke, formerly of Marburg University, is an anti-Nazi and one would expect him to be a genuine liberal. Unfortunately, he merely demonstrates that German "liberals" of his complexion cannot be relied upon; in fact, they are the ones who make Germany's case so hopeless.

Part of his book is an apologia for the German people. The world "has itself a heavy responsibility to bear for the advent and the development of the Third Reich," and "many people outside of Germany are even much more responsible than a large part of the Germans themselves. . . . All nations have reason to beat their breasts, to confess and to repent." On the other hand, even in the pre-Hitler era, "a large part of the German people had ranged themselves in support of the Nazis," and "we must not leave a shadow of a doubt that Nazism, far from being a mere incident in German history, arose from conditions peculiar to Germany alone."

Like many Teutonic minds, he is inclined to look for the evil in other nations rather than in his own. He implicitly criticizes the United States for its "incessant wars against the Indians," but fails to mention that the economic depression in the US resulted in President Roosevelt's New Deal rather than in an American Hitler. Ropke has not yet understood that it would be more tactful to let observers like Warburg and Hill pronounce their verdict on the atrocities of other nations in relation to the German problem.

ROPKE abhors all forms of collectivism and sees Germany's salvation in a separate Western state sponsored by the Western Allies, saying that this is "a counter-proposal answering the Russian maneuvers." Unfortunately for him, most of his reforms—the decentralization of Germany, the liquidation of Prussia, the breaking up of the landed estates—have already been accomplished in a large measure by the collectivist Russians. The extreme German federalism he advances has been rejected by both Warburg and Hill as an unwelcome return to the nineteenth century. Being an adherent of freer-than-free trade, Ropke proposes in all seriousness that for a revival of Germany it is necessary to grant her "unconditional most-favored-nation treatment."

Throughout the book the professor vacillates between humility and arrogance. At one time he actually speaks of the "readiness of the Germans to come to terms with the victors." Winston Churchill once said that the Germans are "either at your feet or at your throat." Ropke offers the astonishing spectacle of a man who manages to do both at once. One can only conclude

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with the words of the German writer, Adalbert Stifter, quoted by the author himself: "Once a movement breaks out, may God protect us from the journalists and the professors."

THE case of Wilhelm Ropke shows, unfortunately, that any attempt to solve the German problem is partly frustrated by the political ineptitude of the Germans themselves. Furthermore, all plans for Germany's regeneration are conditioned by the word *if*. *If* the Germans made a revolution, Warburg says, there would be hope for peace; but they have not. *If* the Germans were not occupied, they might make a revolution; but they are occupied. *If* the West and the East could find a common basis, the German problem might be solved; but they have not. *If* we were all perfect democrats, we might teach the Germans democracy, Warburg says; but we are not. If the Germans and the Western Allies could get together to oppose communism, there would be peace, Ropke is saying; but this simply is not true. Hence the German problem is moving around in circles, with the West and East pulling in opposite directions. It looks as though the "age of reason" hopefully advocated by Warburg and Hill has been indefinitely postponed. THERESE POL

Therese Pol has been an assistant editor of Aufbau, *the German American weekly, and during the war was the Booklet and News Editor at the OWI. At present Miss Pol is a free-lance writer.*

Worth Reprinting

THE first three sections of L. H. Myers' *The Root and the Flower* (Harcourt, Brace; $5) were published in one volume 12 years ago. In this new edition, including a final section called "The Pool of Visnu," the complete novel becomes available for the first time in America. Through the successive intervals of its publication, the novel has claimed its devotees, but although it can never be a popular success, there should be a wide audience for the book among intelligent readers, and to them it is enthusiastically recommended.

The story is laid in eighteenth-century India during the reign of Akbar, the Great Mogul, but the author makes no claim that it is a historical novel or an "attempt to portray Oriental modes of living and thinking." Rather, in choosing this remote time and place, "my object was to carry the reader out of our familiar world into one where I could —without doing violence to his sense of reality—give prominence to certain chosen aspects of human life and illustrate their significance." In its mood of detachment and spirit of inquiry, the examination of these "aspects of human life" resembles a Platonic dialogue, and at a submerged but visible level the conflict of the drama is the conflict of ideas. However, if only to ensure the attention of the general reader, it should be stressed that this is first of all a novel, and an eminently satisfactory one. Myers' concern with spiritual principles is always in the way they penetrate the complex detail of life. His general themes are constantly related to the individuals of his story. "It is almost impossible," he says, "to conceive of spiritual values as existing apart from personality."

THE pivotal character in the elaborate drama is little Prince Jali, a sensitive "small boy who was lamentably separate." His father is a Buddhist Rajah, his mother a Christian. Jali accepts the instructions of both, but propitiates a host of gods of his own. To the little prince, "the loneliness of being the only specimen of oneself was a part of one's particular secret." This loneliness is the source of his childhood fears, but he learns at Akbar's court that "not to be afraid of the world you must belong to it." Jali's efforts to understand and accommodate himself to the world is his history in the novel, and his history is bound to that of his parents and family, who are in turn involved in the intrigues of the court.

The basis of this intrigue is the rivalry between the Emperor's two sons for the succession to the throne, and the plots and counterplots, involving the loyalties of the characters and defining opposite ideals, are the persistent worldly theme of the novel. The counter (spiritual) theme is illustrated in the plan of Amar, Jali's father, to retire from life as a Buddhist monk. By the end of the book, Jali has survived its vicissitudes to evaluate the "Great World." In his own spiritual equilibrium he has learned that "wisdom does not answer all the riddles that knowledge propounds; it dissipates them." Finally, in reconciling the contrary themes, he makes prophetic those words of the first pages of the book: "Deep in his heart he cherished the belief that some day the near and the far would meet."

Such a crude synopsis can't pretend to account for the shrewd psychology or the visual and intellectual beauty of the book. But it might be added that as a story it is engrossing and exciting, and the interplay of the characters as satisfying as the demonstrated conflict of intelligent minds must always be. As has been suggested already, these characters, though adequate and consistent, are rather exponents of divergent ideas: they are representative intellectual *temperaments*. So that the plotting of the court, for instance, is not merely a political scramble for gain, but the loyal commitment of the whole personality to an intellectual affinity and a moral choice.

Finally, it is a slow book; not halting or dragging, but with the stately measure of its tone of "resignation and sorrow." This pace, with the length and scope of the novel, achieves a suggestion of the accumulation and change of life itself: ". . . everywhere birth and death with a little interval of wantonness and waste in between."

THERE is space here only to note and recommend L. C. Knights's collection of essays, *Explorations* (George W. Stewart; $3). Three of them have been published in America, the rest in England, mostly in that excellent periodical, *Scrutiny*, of which Knights is an editor. It is a magazine which deserves to be better known in this country. Four of the essays are on Shakespeare, including the long and by now classic, "How Many Children Had Lady Macbeth?" Four others are

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on seventeenth-century literature. There is a consideration of Henry James and one of W. B. Yeats. Unfortunately, such a list merely suggests a critical rehash of familiar subjects, but the breadth of Knights's inquiry, if not the quality of his intelligence, is indicated by his account of his purpose: the investigation of "the relations between literature and the complicated set of circumstances that, at any time, make up its cultural and social 'background'." His book will be a delight to anyone seriously interested in literature—by which I don't mean a bookish habit, but the recognition (as suggested by Knights himself) of its importance as a reflection of its time and in its reaction upon that time.

JOHN FARRELLY

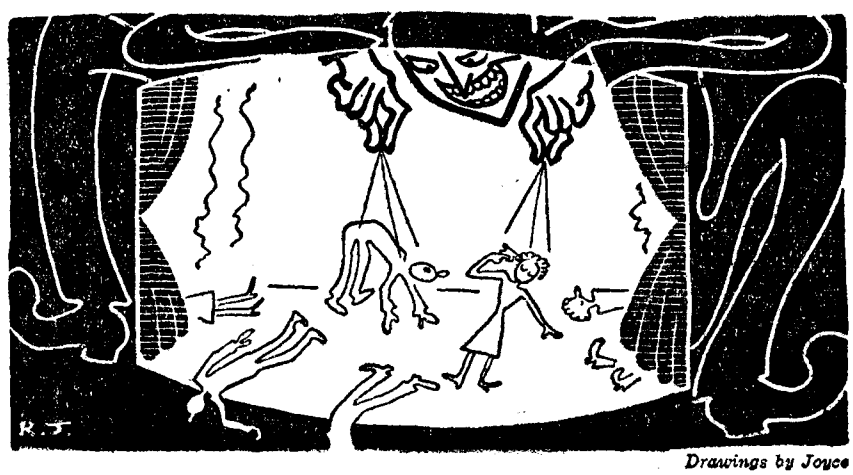
Fiction Parade

I

WHAT goes on in American novel-writing anyway? Frederic Wakeman, who wrote the sock success, *The Hucksters,* and now follows it with another virtually certain best-seller, *The Saxon Charm* (Rinehart and Company; $2.75), has not, it is true, been heralded as master of modern letters. But he has, on the whole, been quite seriously accepted by the reviewers, with even so solid a critic as Russell Maloney comparing him, on the front page of the New York *Times Book Review,* to Charles Dickens. In the brief period since the appearance of his wartime novel, *Shore Leave,* Wakeman has come to be regarded as one of the established, successful and serious novelists of our day. His present work, however, will hardly add a new word to the American language. It is a book so naïve, so amateurish, so lacking in any indication of intellectual or emotional maturity or sign of literary craftsmanship that the absence is almost embarrassing.

But *The Saxon Charm,* as the work of the author of *The Hucksters* and *Shore Leave,* is assured of a high place among the successes of the season. Since it is as curious a phenomenon of contemporary letters as it is a hopelessly bad novel, it may be worth investigating what Wakeman has to supply for his reader's money. *The Saxon Charm* is the story of how a successful marriage is almost destroyed by the arrogant and evil ego of a fascinating theatrical producer. More specifically, it is the story of Eric Busch, the popular and happily married novelist who writes a play about Molière and has the ill luck to take it to the eminent producer, Matt Saxon, in the hope that the great man will bring it to Broadway. The wise Mrs. Busch sees through Saxon immediately, but her more gullible husband notices only his wit, charm, intellect and matchless genius, although he is troubled by the theatrical man's sudden bursts of uncontrollable anger. Busch soon finds that the Saxon ego is insatiable, but he likes it. The producer must not only dominate the novelist's play, constantly making him rewrite it to satisfy his momentary whim, but must run his life and change his personality. When Mrs. Busch leaves in despair, her husband feels he must take as his mistress one of the great man's discarded sweethearts, so that they may share their memories of the incomparable Saxon. But don't worry, in the end the novelist sees through the corroding selfishness of the producer, denounces him and goes back to his wife to resume their "project"—as they whimsically call their plan to have a child.

THE theater being what it is, everyone in any way concerned with it —including this reviewer—will whisper to you at the hint of a request the identity of the great, dominating and monstrous Saxon, who is never so happy as when driving an ex-wife to suicide. You will have to take their word, though, for the man's existence and for his fabulous qualities; Wakeman certainly never manages to bring them to life. Saxon is, you are told, witty, funny, charming, brilliant and filled with wonderful, dynamic ideas, but you have to take it on faith, so far as the author's evidence goes. His wit? "I always wanted a girl named Ruth," he says, "because if I sent her away that would make me ruthless." Believe it or not, this is reported with apparent admiration as proof of Saxon's gift for being devastating. His sense of fun? Someone mentions the best lobster he has ever tasted "bar none." I don't expect you to believe me when I tell you that Saxon responds with "I'll even Bar Harbor." He also gives imitations, such as the time in Mexico when he caricatures a guide. As Wakeman reports him: " 'On my right, Señor,' he declaimed, 'is a what-you-call-it-tree. A pine tree. And way, way down there, on my left, is a boulder. And look ahead, please, in the middle of the road is a magnificent hole. Overhead is blue sky. *Viva Mexico* where the sun shines bright'." To which one of his admirers cries appropriately: "Isn't he funny? You dear, funny thing." (It is only fair to the author to say that at a later point this woman who gushes commits suicide.) His brilliant alertness? In Mexico, he and an American tourist are talking about a mysterious Russian prostitute who goes around with young diplomats. Ralph, the tourist, adds that the girl doesn't speak English. But you can't fool the great Saxon. Quick as a flash, he



Drawings by Joyce

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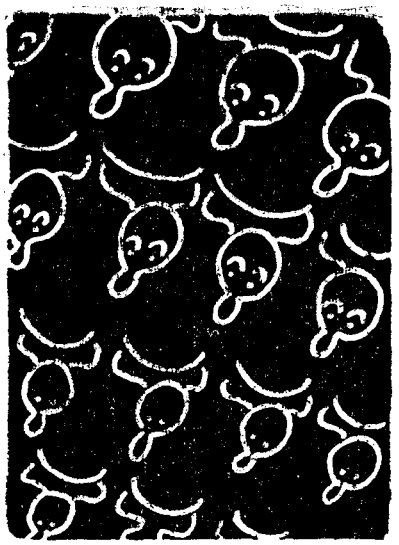

says: "That could be an act." Whereupon Wakeman reports: " 'You don't miss much, do you?' said Ralph admiringly."

Most of the time Wakeman is careful not to go into such detail about his sinister genius' qualities. "He was in one of his white moods," he writes characteristically, "so beguilingly witty and charming that Busch began to forget the past few hours." It seems wiser to let the reader take it for granted.

The failure of Saxon to seem the prodigy of charm, wit and sinister fascination he is intended to be, or to exist as a believeable human being at all is the outstanding defect of *The Saxon Charm*. However, it is far from the only weakness. Eric Busch, the playwright and novelist, is also a cardboard figure, and the fine, natural charm and earthy wisdom of the wise wife must be taken on faith as completely as must be Saxon's fascination. As for Busch's play about Molière—"The Comic Spirit; a Tragedy"—the scenes that are liberally reported from it do little to suggest that Broadway is losing a masterpiece by failing to produce it. As for Wakeman's writing in general, it is not unfair to say that it is depicted adequately by a passage describing Busch and his mistress:

> They were as the setter and the master, hunter and huntress, both frozen in the field, both quelling the fierce desire to stalk the hunted thing in the thicket lest it be frightened, the wild bird crouched and quivering.

But the novel has sex and pseudo-sophistication and a few outspoken words. It provides an alleged backstage glimpse of the theater in action—you are thoughtfully advised that you are better off at home than hanging around Broadway—and manages to be modern in tone but appropriately moral. It will be a box-office success all right, here and in Hollywood.

RICHARD WATTS JR.

II

Lionel Trilling's few short stories, notably "Of This Time, of That Place," aroused the legitimate hope that his long awaited first novel would be better than *The Middle of the Journey* (The Viking Press; $3) turns out to be. Not that it lacks distinction in the writing, although the evidence of his reading of James and Forster is at times too plain, or the "high seriousness" in its intent which he shares with Matthew Arnold, the subject of his excellent and informed critical study.

His is another novel that attempts to explore the political and emotional sufferings of the contemporary intellectual. The characters are familiar to anyone who has spent much time on a university campus, an avant-garde magazine or the various outposts of Bohemia. The time is a recent summer, the place a New England inland resort where John Laskell, the archetype of the young, liberal, intellectual "of our time," has gone to recuperate after an almost fatal illness. The "story" is, for the most part, incidental to the examination of such types as the self-assured fellow-traveling professional, the neurotic en route from Stalinism to a futile and dangerous mysticism, the ex-Greenwich Villager and her semi-literate husband out of D. H. Lawrence, the Maecenas who supports little magazines and impoverished painters but is sure to get his own back. It is all done with an intelligence and a Forsterian feel for that strange mixture which is the tragi-comedy of our times—a synthesis that is rarely to be found in American contemporary fiction.

It must be emphasized, however, that Trilling's novel is so far above the general level of recent fiction that these reservations are not those that would apply to any discussion of what now passes for literature.

The contrast between Trilling's book and Irving Stone's "biographical novel" about Eugene Victor Debs, *Adversary in the House* (Doubleday; $3), is about as utter as a contrast can be. Where Trilling writes with obvious regard, perhaps overregard, for the language, Stone is a master of the lazy phrase, the worn cliché. Where Trilling faces, if he does not always succeed in answering, the problems of left-wing politics, Stone blurs and softens them. For the purposes of "dramatic" conflict, Daniel De Leon and later the Communists become political villains, and Debs, whose real tragedy was that he was the last figure of national importance to exemplify the warmth and richness of native American radicalism, is reduced to a hen-pecked husband. The man who said, "While there is a lower class I am in it. While there is a working class I am of it. While there's a soul in prison I am not free," deserves better treatment. Possibly he is destined to be a martyr in death as well as in life.

Percy Winner's *Dario* was a perceptive attempt to analyze his own relations with a mercurial Italian, a thinly disguised Curzio Malaparte, and to explain the nature and meaning of Italian fascism. In his new novel, *Scene in the Ice-Blue Eyes* (Harcourt, Brace; $2.50), he continues his study of the Italian psyche, but has canalized it into the form of the psycho-political thriller reminiscent of Eric Ambler and Graham Greene. Although there are occasional asides, such as, "You had to find freedom in yourself before you could find it outside," this is primarily a superior spy story about an American journalist who puts his knowledge of Italy at the service of the British, trading his former companions of the *Giustizia e Libertá* underground for useful military information from his fascist acquaintances.

GEORGE MAYBERRY

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BUSINESS: Gambling in Futures

THERE is an ancient admonition against throwing the baby out with the bath-water. For some people this becomes an argument against ever bathing the baby at all. And the defenders of commodity speculation appear lately to have joined that school of thought.

Speculation on the commodity exchanges has been and is an important factor in hiking our food prices. Any broker can tell you that gambling in commodities has been one of the popular get-rich-quick games of recent years. Last August, for example, 460 million bushels of corn were traded, compared with 146 million in the same month of 1939. A Department of Agriculture study made this year showed that 90.4 percent of the traders were speculators. Gambling on the commodity exchanges has piled speculative profits on top of already booming farm prices. It has hiked raw-material costs, and raised the base from which processors and manufacturers calculate their profit percentages. It has been, thus, a lusty factor in the wage-price spiral.

On September 29, an uneasy Chicago Board of Trade imposed a scale of slightly stiffer margins based on anticipated further rises in grain futures. This, in view of the already inflated market position, was a "too-little-too-late" gesture that will have no perceptible effect on one of the real "get-rich-quick" games of recent years. The lure of commodities is simple: gambling money has had nowhere else to go. The stock market had a 100-percent margin until February, and you still have to put up 75 percent of your play in cash, enough to restrain most speculators. Even real-estate plunging has been hampered by rent curbs.

But with $1,000 you can buy or sell some 2,200 bushels of wheat worth $6,000 on a margin of about 17 percent. If you happen to strike it right, you can in one day make 20 cents a bushel—the maximum swing allowed by the exchange. That would come to $440, a handsome return on $1,000.

The classic postwar killing is that of Tom Jordan, of New Orleans, who is reputed to have started with $300 and, by speculation in cotton, built up a fortune so big that he managed to drop $5 million last October. In the process of losing his shirt, he pulled down over his head the whole cotton market, forced the closing of the exchanges in New York, Chicago and New Orleans, and made life miserable for everyone who grew a bale of cotton or operated a textile mill.

Tough-minded observers like Henry Hazlitt approve such shenanigans with the comment: "Speculation is an inherent part of the process of production . . . performs a public service . . . stabilizes prices." And the Wall Street house of Merrill, Lynch, Peirce, Fenner and Beane, whose commissions on commodity transactions are reputed to rival their stock-transfer fees, rushed to the defense of speculation with a 1905 quotation from Mr. Justice Holmes, to the effect that speculation is "a means of avoiding or mitigating catastrophes, equalizing prices. . . ."

THERE is a perfectly legitimate role for commodity-exchange trading in our production system. It is the commodity exchange that permits hedging. A grain merchant who buys wheat today knows it will be three weeks at least before he can get it to market. So the minute he buys his wheat he sells wheat futures. And on the day he sells his wheat, he buys futures to cover his short position. If in the meantime wheat has gone down 10 cents a bushel, he loses on the grain in his elevator, but he makes the same amount on his futures transactions. He stands to make only his commission for handling the wheat. This use of the exchanges operates in any commodity whose merchants want to insure themselves against market fluctuations.

The gambling of speculators, however, is no help to the orderly functioning of the futures market. In fact, a Federal Trade Commission study in 1937 reached the conclusion that gambling in commodities and manipulations by skilled operators has so distorted the futures market that "the claimed beneficial effect is largely theoretical." If a hedge is to function properly, the prices of *actuals* or *spots* for immediate delivery must move up and down with the prices of futures. When they don't, the mill owner can lose at both ends of the hedge. And speculation sends these prices galloping off in meaningless confusion.

THIS is not just the opinion of government bureaucrats or academic economists. A cross section of cotton merchants, mills, banks and other enterprises engaged in cotton trading were asked what, in their opinion, caused the violent ups and downs in cotton prices last fall. Of 62 experts, 49 said, "The cotton markets were overextended by excessive speculation and could not absorb hedging." Fifty of the 62 said that the fluctuations were unjustified by supply and demand factors.

Further evidence of the role which speculation—rather than hedging—is playing in our food prices is seen in the study of the corn market, where 3,932 of 4,351 traders reported that their activities were purely speculative. The largest speculators, those with 200,000 bushels, are on the long side of the market with a very personal interest in pushing corn prices up as high as they will go.

It is this speculation which has led to agitation in responsible quarters for an immediate curb. Senator Ralph E. Flanders (R, Vt.), chairman of the congressional committee investigating prices, suggested that a 100-percent payment be required on all purchases for future delivery. The reporting of this statement in the press sent prices down several points. The announcement that the heads of exchanges would not agree to any voluntary restrictions immediately helped prices up again. It looks as though government action would be the only solution; as though Congress ought to consider setting up a Commodity Exchange Commission with powers similar to those of the SEC.

HAROLD WOLFF

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Labor

Test Case

THE CIO has launched a test case attacking a Florida constitutional amendment, approved by the voters of that sovereign state in 1944, outlawing the closed shop, union shop, maintenance-of-membership clauses and all other forms of what is called, by enemies, compulsory unionism and, by the unions themselves, union security.

The case is of major importance for two reasons:

1. The Taft-Hartley Act, while permitting certain forms of union-security contracts under stringent conditions, specifically provides that any state may abrogate this permission within its own borders;

2. Almost three-quarters of the states, this year or earlier, have adopted laws which outlaw or restrict the closed-shop and maintenance-of-membership clauses, or such "fringe" activities as picketing, secondary boycotts and jurisdictional strikes.

A few definitions may be useful for the record:

¶ A closed shop is a plant in which, under union contract, no person may be hired unless he is a union member.

¶ A union shop is one in which the employer may hire anyone he pleases with the provision that within a stated period—usually 30 days—any non-union member hired must join the union.

¶ A maintenance-of-membership shop is one in which employees who are union members when a contract is signed must remain members for the life of the contract. Non-union members may remain non-members.

In the Florida test case the CIO has deliberately chosen the maintenance-of-membership issue—obviously the mildest form of union security. The object is eventually to obtain a US Supreme Court decision on any and all forms of state restrictions on union security.

The legislatures of the states—and the voters in some—ran hog-wild this year with anti-union legislation paralleling the Taft-Hartley Act. Arizona, North Dakota and South Dakota joined Florida in adopting constitutional amendments outlawing union-security contracts and substituting the philosophical concept that an individual has a "right to work" whether or not he belongs to a labor organization. Statutes embodying similar ideas are now in effect in Arkansas, Tennessee, Texas and Virginia. All of these constitutional or statutory state restrictions are more severe than their equivalents in the Taft-Hartley Act.

MANY states also adopted other laws regulating the conduct of labor unions. Eleven prohibit or restrict picketing and other strike activities in public-utilities disputes.

In addition, 12 states passed laws this year to restrict or regulate picketing in all types of industrial disputes, 11 prohibited secondary boycotts, five outlawed or restricted jurisdictional strikes, six outlawed strikes by public employees. Only 13 of the 48 states have resisted completely the anti-union tide of the past few years.

Before the Taft-Hartley Act, a state statute prohibiting the closed or union shop was presumably void under the Wagner Act. Congressional debates on the Wagner Act clearly indicated the intent of Congress to sanction the closed shop, and the federal statute superseded any state law in conflict.

This argument no longer prevails, because the Taft-Hartley Act virtually invited state legislatures to pass anti-union-security statutes. The unions are attacking the Florida amendment, therefore, on the ground that it violates the due-process clause and interferes with freedom of contract. If the CIO wins its Florida test case, the decision will undermine the whole body of state anti-security legislation. It may undermine, by implication, even the Taft-Hartley Act's outlawry of the closed shop.

NOTES. – Senator Taft seems to have written off hope of obtaining CIO support in his presidential drive, but his friendliness toward Harry Lundeberg, of the AFL Sailors' Union of the Pacific, strengthens the common impression that he still thinks some AFL leaders will support him. The notion is probably a vain one. . . . The first NLRB attack on a secondary boycott involved the kind of boycott—by union carpenters of a non-union firm—which President Truman defended last January. It was not a boycott in a jurisdictional dispute but a boycott "intended to protect wage rates and working conditions" and to "preserve the gains made in collective bargaining." Such boycotts, said the President, were "not justified."

On October 2, the NLRB got its first temporary restraining order under the Taft-Hartley Act against members of the International Longshoremen's Union striking in Albany, New York.

A settlement proposed by Mayor O'Dwyer's mediation committee reopened New York City's Safeway grocery stores after a three-day lockout, and the Mayor has turned his efforts toward the three-week-old Railway Express walkout. Out at La-Guardia Field, officials of American Overseas Airlines were trying to rent out 14 planes grounded by a strike of 173 pilots after 22 months of negotiations between the AOA and the Airline Pilots' Association (AFL). Labor peace seems still to be around the T-H corner.

WILLARD SHELTON

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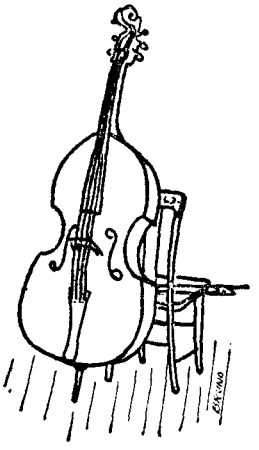
Music

Composers' Advocate



WITH the death of Janet Fairbank on September 25, American song composers lost their staunchest advocate. Though her light soprano voice was in no way exceptional, she was singularly successful in persuading audiences, by her own reliable musical perception and gift for dramatic characterization, to accept unfamiliar or puzzling music. Her exacting taste rejected songs which were deficient in expressiveness or workmanship, no matter how great the prestige of their composers might be; and by refusing to debase her own standards she required the composers constantly to improve theirs.

She also kept in touch with European music, and introduced important song cycles by such composers as Benjamin Britten, Francis Poulenc and Olivier Messiaen. Her example has encouraged an increasing number of recitalists to honor the music of our own time, and to replace the traditional closing American group of glib, shallow "concert songs" with music of substance and merit.

NEW YORK'S season of municipal music at the City Center opened with a New York City Symphony concert dedicated to "the resurrection of Palestine." In the intermission before his moving performance of Gustav Mahler's noble "Resurrection" symphony (the second symphony), Leonard Bernstein rededicated the program to Fiorello H. LaGuardia.

It was Mayor LaGuardia who thought of turning the former Mecca Temple over to the people of New York when it came into the city's control through tax default. The Center has developed—at a $2.40 top price—an opera company of high quality and a symphony orchestra which plays a far more stimulating repertory than the Philharmonic. These institutions cost the taxpayers nothing beyond the upkeep of the building, for the deficits are made up out of proceeds from part-time rental of the theater to outside ballet companies and theatrical producers. Now in its fifth season, the City Center provides a model for the municipal sponsorship of music.

RECORD NOTES: *Chamber Music.* – In his last years Debussy advertised his scorn for the Teutonic elements which had come into French music by planning, for small instrumental combinations, six "Sonatas for Various Instruments," somewhat in the manner of seventeenth and eighteenth-century French composers. The three sonatas he lived to finish and sign with the label "Claude Debussy, musicien français" are contemptuous of methodical German thematic development or philosophic pretensions. They are fresh in harmony and appealing in texture, but their difficulty —both technical and musical—has denied them wide currency. All three are now finally recorded in superb performances: The first, for cello and piano, by Raya Garbousova and Artur Balsam (Concert Hall A10; available by subscription only); the second, for flute, viola and harp, by John Wummer, Milton Katims and Laura Newell (Columbia MX-282; $3); the third, for violin and piano, by Zino Francescatti and Robert Casadesus (Columbia MX-280; $3). The odd side of the cello sonata contains the minuet from Debussy's "Petite Suite"; that of the violin sonata, Ravel's delicate "Berceuse on the Name of Fauré." . . . Leonard Bernstein's Sonata for Clarinet and Piano, played by David Oppenheim and Bernstein (Hargail HN-501; $3.35), shows equally the composer's personal flair for syncopated American rhythms and his indebtedness to the music of Hindemith and Copland. . . . Ruggiero Ricci, a a former child prodigy who thwarted the usual course of nature by becoming a fine adult violinist, preserves the structural rigor and musical depth of Bach's third solo sonata (in A-minor) without sacrificing beauty of tone, accuracy of pitch or friendliness of delivery (Vox 187, vinylite; $5.25). . . . A new album by Sylvia Marlowe, harpsichordist, reaffirms her high position among the little group of instrumentalists who are revealing the delights of early keyboard music. The volume contains six French pieces, three by Rameau and three by Couperin. The harpsichord is faithfully and agreeably recorded (Musicraft 84; $3.85).

Vocal Music. – Among the prewar European Polydor records reissued under the Vox label is a Ravel set comprising the "Madagascar Songs" and the "Three Hebrew Songs," projected with such finesse by Madeleine Grey, soprano, that nobody is ever likely to do them better (Vox 186; $3.93). . . . Another collection of high distinction is a random selection of six relatively little known Hugo Wolf *Lieder,* sung with controlled intensity by Paul Matthen, bass-baritone (Hargail HN-800; $2.75). . . . A rediscovery from the catalogue of 30 years ago, a single disc of Riccardo Stracciari singing two arias from Donizetti's "La Favorita," preserves for our generation a beauty of phrasing and legato that contemporary baritones do not command (Arias AD-1 and AD-2, issued by Hargail, vinylite; $1.75). . . . The sumptuous contralto voice of Carol Brice is not sufficient recompense for the woodenness of her treatment of four Bach sacred arias, two each from the Magnificat and the B-minor Mass (Columbia MX-283; $3).

CECIL SMITH

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Radio

Fall Fashions

LOWELL THOMAS and Edward R. Murrow have returned to CBS. It was good to hear Murrow's voice again and I was grateful to Campbell Soups for saving him from the fate of a vice-presidency. More, I was relieved —not only because many listeners were going to hear Murrow again, but also because I hoped many would compare him with Thomas and learn to distinguish between two schools of radio news analysis.

It was a homecoming for both men that night. Murrow, you know, was CBS's authoritative "This is . . . London" voice during the war. Thomas has long been associated with NBC, but about 17 years ago, when all concerned were young, CBS brought him forward as a newsman. Both handle the major news of the day, and the principal items on their openers were the same. The difference was in approach.

Murrow thinks the listener can make up his own mind; Thomas, apparently, feels that only the man at the microphone knows what goes on. Murrow leans on objectivity, Thomas on adjectivitis. Murrow reports the latest occurrence in Yugoslavia; Thomas calls Tito names.

Under CBS rules, news analysts are employees of the network, covered by the web's contract restricting private comment. Murrow wound up his première by referring to that contract by way of expressing his personal credo. If I understood Murrow—and his English was plain enough—his is the job of the man behind the theater spotlight. He can color, brighten or shadow by manipulating the discs which cover his lights, or through the intensity of the light itself; in fact, he cannot help giving the news his own interpretation, being, as Murrow said, "a prisoner of the sum total of his own education, background and experience." But if he is trying to do an honest job, he does not assume that his access to a microphone confers upon him unique wisdom. Thomas belongs to the opposite school. But maybe he, too, is a prisoner. I can't help wondering, though, whether he has read his CBS contract, which is identical, in this respect, with Murrow's.

ON Mutual, another old-timer came back to the air. "Information Please," which has made the network rounds and has slipped, Hooperwise, from time to time in the last few years, has now found itself this new niche (Fridays, 9:30 p.m.). Clifton Fadiman still holds the reins expertly, with Franklin P. Adams and John Kieran as the "regulars." On opening night, Fred Allen was one of the guests, adding vinegar to the others' urbanity. The show is still the pleasant *New Yorker* of the air.

I must mention two other Mutual shows, as different as a pair of programs can be but having much in common too. These are "Superman," back on the air five days a week (5:15-5:30 p.m.), and the first of three documentaries which Mutual is producing under the title "Your Children Today." It may have been accident that the programs are directed by the same skillful hand, Mitchell Grayson. Superman, if you don't know, has a conscience. He is "defender of truth and tolerance." At least twice a week, he peels off his street clothes, hangs his spectacles on a peg, perches a moment, glorious in his blue and red uniform, and cries: "Up! Up!—and Away!" But he is after more than thrills for the kids. He is trying to save the peace, or to trap the leaders of the "Clan of the Fiery Cross," or maybe to trip the knaves "who traffic in hunger." I'll leave the thesis writing on good children's programming to the psychologists, but I'll trust the kids to learn something from Superman as he stands.

"Your Children Today" is Mutual's first venture into the serious documentary. The network, apparently, decided to give its educational director a decent slice of budget in an effort to catch up with that type of programming, previously attempted only by CBS and ABC. So Grayson was hired and top writers were assigned to him.

The job in hand was a portrayal of the effects of wartime living upon children and their families. Arnold Perl did the first script, tackling the "war babies," the post-Pearl Harbor generation entering school this fall. What war has done to children needing adoption, and to people wanting to adopt them, has been assigned to one of radio's foremost poets, Norman Rosten. The third show will deal with "Children of Divorce." Numbers two and three are not yet set definitely as to date or time, but it's worth watching your local Mutual log for them.

Mutual, which housed "Exploring the Unknown" the last couple of years, lost by letting it get away to ABC. Sherman H. Dryer, the producer, used to run a great program, "The Human Adventure," which originated from Mutual's Chicago flagship, WGN. Because of some stubbornness on the part of both Colonel Robert R. McCormick, who operates WGN, and the University of Chicago, which directed the research, "Human Adventure" was dropped from the network. Dryer made a slight switch in format and turned up with "Exploring." It's still the greatest science show on the air; popular in presentation, convincing in content. Sometimes, as on the ABC opener, it is weakened by just a shade too much romantic trimming.

THERE is too much sound in an otherwise good show which I should have mentioned long since. It's "Candid Microphone" (ABC, Mondays, 9 p.m.). A radio reporter carrying a disguised microphone, with recording equipment hidden or camouflaged, takes down people's extempore talk as they react to various situations. Some of the circumstances are absurd —like chaining a stenographer to her desk and recording the remarks of the locksmith called in to liberate her. Other episodes may have serious overtones, but at best the show is a *tour de force*. I think it could be improved simply—by being cut from 30 to 15 minutes.

SAUL CARSON

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Farm

Money Matters

REPORTERS have been surprised to find that the farmer, far from feeling guilty about high prices, claims he is not making enough money. A survey last week by the Washington (D.C.) *Post* disclosed that farmers in Virginia and Maryland find themselves worse off than before the war.

The farmer is beginning to feel the pinch of inflation and of a contraction in consumer buying power. Milk consumption is down. Buyers' strikes are beginning to hurt, and the spread between consumer and farmer on some items is enormous. Dairy farmers I talked to last week in Montgomery County, Maryland, one of the most fertile areas in the country, are worried.

Gasil Mobly, who owns a 600-acre farm and milks 99 cows, showed me a recent milk receipt for $5.53 per hundred pounds and another for September, 1946, for $5.58.

"And now let's look at feed costs," said Mobly. He handed me feed bills which showed that from July, 1946, to September, 1947, the price of his mixed feed (26-percent protein) had risen from $77 to $95. Bran has jumped $14 a ton since the end of the OPA, and 40 pounds of baler twine from $7 to $13.

Mobly's labor costs have also gone way up. He hires 10 men, including four dairymen, and estimates that his total labor costs run $1,700 a month. He pays $100 a month cash for his workers and gives them houses to live in, pays their electric bill, gives them a garden, firewood and a butchered pig or two in the fall—a common practice in Montgomery County. By the way, he was one of the few farmers I talked with who didn't resent high labor costs.

When I asked Mobly if he had recently figured up his profits on his dairy farm, which he values at $120,000, he laughed. "About two years ago I made out a cost analysis and figured that at four percent I was losing around $200 a month."

McKindred Fulks (Gaithersburg, Maryland), who owns a highly mechanized poultry farm, told me that he spends 60 cents for feed on each three-pound broiler; 10 cents on labor; three cents on heat and light; and two cents on other expenses (the cost of young chicks not included).

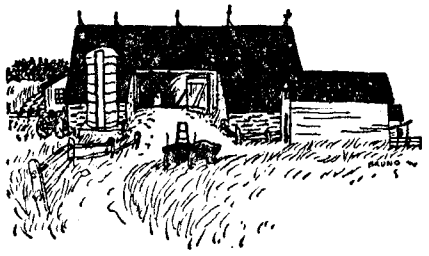
"If I can't make 10 cents a chicken, I won't fool with them," he said. "It's not worth it. And a lot of these fellows in the poultry business aren't making it."

Fulks, although only 34, is one of the most rugged, rugged individualists I've met in a long time. During the two hours I spent with him, he offered me opinions which I suppose are shared by other farmers who have come out on top.

"We've got to have more competition," he said, "and less labor unions. I'm against unions. I started out in the steel industry, but I quit in 1938. I couldn't stand the slow-down. The foreman told me I worked too hard; he said you don't know how to handle a job; you are working somebody out of a job."

THERE is much to admire in a man like Fulks, but he is obviously talking as if he lived in the nineteenth century. I don't believe it ever occurred to him that when unions get a raise for men who eat his chickens, it also helps him, or that an income tax based on ability to pay is fairer than a tax on consumption. With an election year coming up, this kind of confusion in farmers' minds can contribute to a national tragedy.

ANGUS McDONALD



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Bandwagon

Brain Food

At breakfast Taft had cantaloupe, ggs and bacon, toast and coffee. The enator is not given to pleasures of ne table, preferring those of the nind. – *From the Chicago* Tribune.

It's a Start, Though

. . . In addition to $6,500 a week, 52 weeks of the year for seven years traight, Rita [Hayworth] and her Beckworth productions receive 50 per-ent of the net profits from all her novies from now on. In the old days Rita would have been rich—today she an't get rich with the high income axes. – *From the Chicago* Daily News.

Crusader

A Chicago attorney who yesterday asked permission to defend a leading I. G. Farben official at his coming war-crimes trial in Germany hopes that by doing so he may prevent the German people from becoming disgusted at American justice and being driven toward communism, his relatives here said last night. – *From the Chicago* Tribune.

Absolute Democracy

Any effort to establish an autocratic form of government [in Japan] can be stopped by General MacArthur, as on a word from him the government will dissolve the embryonic party, and ferret out any underground attempts. – *From the* Mail-News, *Los Gatos, California.*

Double Feature

From the state conservation commission comes a new warning: Don't get friendly with skunks! Many are known to have rabies. – *From the* News-Tribune, *Jefferson City, Missouri.*

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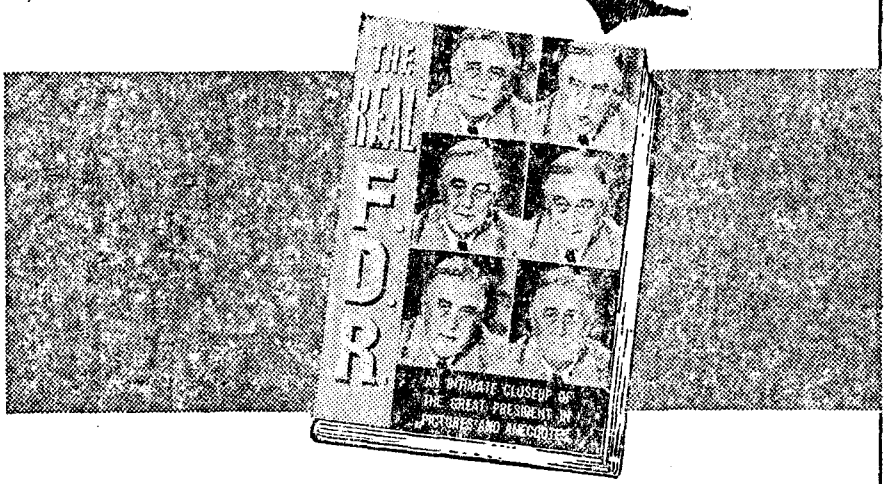

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Theater

Pity and Terror Among the Brass

GENERALS are almost always interesting characters in works of fiction because their professional process is the killing of human beings and the tangible commodity which they produce is the dead. Generals rank even above prostitutes as likely literary material, with the added advantage that they have been considerably less handled in works of art, especially in recent times. William Wister Haines, author of "Command Decision," has profited by this primitive call on our attention.

In a bare, workmanlike set which represents a headquarters at an Air Forces base in England, Brigadier General K. C. Dennis fights the ancient battle between Duty and Opportunity, in this case represented by murderous and dreadfully expensive raids beyond fighter cover on jet factories deep in Germany and publicity milk runs with showy statistical results on the Channel ports. Haines has set up his problem most shrewdly, surrounded it by a wealth of ingenious and authentic detail, has characterized his various people deftly and sharply, has written lively and believable dialogue for everyone, has saluted Duty without embarrassment and presented the case for Opportunity soberly and persuasively, has taken an honest look at the morbid arithmetic of war, and finally, has come out of it with less of a play than he might have had.

Part of the trouble is in the fact that there are too many echoes in the script, echoes of the plays and motion pictures that came out of World War I. It is true that the heroes of "Command Decision" are flying four-engine bombers and their flights are 2,000 miles long, but they are the same brave, distant young men who flew Spads against Richtofen's Circus on so many doomed footlight and celluloid missions, and whose commanders wept at their desks and shouted, "I can't send boys up in those crates." It is true that one war is very much like another, but the playwright must recruit his troops from different draft boards and make us say at the end, "How much the same, and yet, how different."

Part of the trouble is in the production. The director faced a dangerous dilemma and took the safe way out. The play is tense, melodramatic, with a great many well built scenes that rise to a stirring climax. The easy way out was to play everything at top speed and at top voice, thereby guaranteeing that the play would rush along, as it does, bludgeoning the audience into constant, fascinated attention. There is a price that must be paid for such guarantees in the theater and "Command Decision" pays it. All subtlety and reflection are thrown overboard in the mad rush toward 11 o'clock, and the characters emerge thinner and less real than the author made them. In the writing, too, the play cried out for one soft, probing scene in which Brigadier General K. C. Dennis, done with bitter, weary integrity by Paul Kelly, could have sounded the shifting depths of doubt and suffering, which the author suggests but flees from to the safer ground of the next sure-fire scene.

Haines has demonstrated a nice eye for subject matter and a sure, heavy touch. I look forward to his next play, hoping, for his sake, that he will lose some of his assurance.

ON the next street, an equally interesting theatrical enterprise, Jed Harris' production of "The Heiress," by Ruth and Augustus Goetz, taken from the novel *Washington Square,* by Henry James, presents a pat and convenient opposite. Here the essential point about the heroine is her dullness; here a small, individual act is examined coolly and scientifically through a microscope; here hysteria is cloistered and stately, stylized, played gently in candlelight and shadows; here no war is won or lost, only a single, unloved girl is twisted into cruelty by disillusionment.

Harris is the hero of the evening. Every scene betrays a relentless, creative finickiness on his part. The back wall, against the stairs, is lit subtly and with different dramatic effect for each mood; with angular, archaic grace, the rhythms of each speech are varied and musical; Miss Wendy Hiller is superbly guided through the most difficult of all jobs, making us believe in her dullness and lack of charm, and yet being interesting and charming as she does so. Basil Rathbone, as the domineering father, is freed from the dreary burdens of his mannerisms, to contribute a performance capped by an original and chilling scene in which he directs the manner in which he is to be permitted to die.

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There are traps in this kind of theater, too, and "The Heiress" does not avoid them all. It is a cool play and leaves us unmoved. The heroine is so convincingly dull that we wonder if she is worth a whole play. The characters are coldly and intelligently analyzed, but we are left at the end with a carefully documented collection of characteristics rather than round human beings. The young man who plays the fortune hunter and who, we are told, is irresistibly charming, is merely another good-looking and pleasant actor, without the necessary brightness of personality to overcome the uninspired writing of his role. There is a nagging flaw in the construction of the play which gives us a sense of anticlimax, with two long scenes after the high moment of revelation in the middle of the last act. There is a sense of audience-be-damned leisureliness which "Command Decision" might have borrowed for a moment or two and "The Heiress" might well have occasionally done without. Still, it is pleasant to look forward to a season that has been versatile enough in its first weeks to bring us two such dissimilar and rewarding productions.

THE most original and striking set of the week was contributed by Donald Oenslager to Donald Ogden Stewart's ill fated "How I Wonder," directed by Garson Kanin. A charming rooftop and a whole breath-taking and unwrinkled cyclorama of stars unfortunately could not help these two talented and well meaning workmen in their mournful effort to span with whimsy the abyss between the thoughtful modern man and the brutal atomic world. IRWIN SHAW

Correspondence

Aggressive Behavior

SIR: I read Michael Straight's foreword to the articles on "Fixing the Blame" (the *NR*, September 15) with a great deal of interest, but I must confess that it was not very convincing, because I do not think that he has properly analyzed the reason for much of the opposition to Russia's foreign policy. I think it is significant that much of that opposition comes from labor and liberal circles. Naturally such persons object to the Communist variety of totalitarian dictatorship. But even more do they fear and hate aggression; and they strenuously oppose Russia's foreign policy because that policy has gone back to the imperialist policy pursued by Russia since 1939, when she attacked Finland, seized the eastern portion of Poland, wiped out the three little Baltic nations and seized part of Rumania. . . .

It is that sort of aggression which we believe will inevitably lead to war as long as a policy of appeasement toward it is practised by our own or other countries where democratic rights and civil liberties exist in some significant degree. We know from the history of the rise of Nazi Germany that appeasing a policy of aggression on the part of a totalitarian dictatorship leads to more acts of aggression and eventually to war. As the best guarantee of peace, therefore, we support a policy of telling the Russians and their puppet governments that we will tolerate no future aggression on their part, and will back up governments threatened by such aggression, even though such governments are by no means otherwise to our liking, such as those in Greece and Turkey. . . .

This is not to say that our own government has not been guilty of aggression or that our foreign policy is completely good. . . . But the people in a country where the democratic right to criticize the government exists cannot be worked up to support aggression without a long campaign and a long period of political indoctrination, if at all; while a totalitarian dictatorship, such as Russia, lends itself peculiarly to aggression. . . . .

Nor do I think Straight is correct when he says there is a hope of developing an increasing common ground of democratic socialism between our capitalist society and communism. As all of us who ever had anything to do with the Socialist movement remember, the Communists attacked the Socialists with extreme vigor. Communists even spoke of the positive historical role of Hitlerism, because the Nazis succeeded in destroying the Social-Democratic movement in Germany, a result which the Communists had been trying to achieve but could not. . . .

There is, from the Communist point of view, sound reason for this. For they feel that they really have cause to fear democratic socialism as a possible rival, while, so far as they understand their Communist theory, they believe that capitalism will inevitably collapse, the only question being when, not whether.
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FOREIGN PRESS: Mussolini's Heir

SOME weeks ago *L'Ora d'Italia,* extreme-rightist Italian daily, announced the birth of a new political party. Its name: Nationalist Movement for Social Democracy. Its founder: Emilio Patrissi, 42-year-old, bemonocled, Neapolitan-born editorial director of *L'Ora d'Italia.*

To understand Patrissi, his newspaper and his party, one has to go back to the end of 1944, when Rome was already in Allied hands but northern Italy was still held by the Nazis. In this split and embattled Italy, a smallish but lively political weekly

called *L'Uomo Qualunque* (the Common Man) first appeared on Roman newsstands. Edited, and in good part written, by an obscure playwright, Guglielmo Giannini, in those passionate days when fascists trembled before the upsurge of epuration, *L'Uomo* brazenly embarked on a campaign of letting bygones be bygones.

The idea caught on in a newly liberated nation of more than 19 million fascist-party members, and within a few months the paper reached a weekly circulation of 600,000 copies. Soon thereafter, *L'Uomo Qualunque* blossomed into a political party with 30 deputies at the Constituent Assembly. Giannini became the rallying point for malcontents, trouble-makers, neo-fascists and the outright fascists of that turbulent era. It was in this shadow cast on the new democratic Italy that the role of Emilio Patrissi began to take shape.

Friend and co-worker of Giannini, Patrissi was one of the first Qualunquist representatives at the Consultative Assembly, formed before liberated Italy had a parliament. A militant but little-known fascist of the Mussolini days, the new Giannini pupil quickly overtook his master and began to cash in on the unsavory popularity of the Qualunquist platform. Ambiticus, smooth and glib, Patrissi was soon elected to Parliament on the Qualunquist slate. Then he came completely into the open and by late 1946 his speeches and articles were too brazenly anti-democratic even for Giannini to swallow. Patrissi was expelled from the Qualunquist Party on grounds of "scandalously fascist ideas."

It was too late. Before his newly won notoriety had time to fade, Patrissi collected a handful of badly compromised journalists who had been thrown off decent newspapers, and in April, 1947, founded *L'Ora d'Italia,* democratic Italy's first openly fascist newspaper. In six months, *L'Ora d'Italia* has done a yeoman job of stirring up the Italian people, preaching militant nationalism, hysterical hatred of communism and cynical deprecation of anything resembling democracy.

In August, 1947, Patrissi again made the limelight. During a heated argument, a deputy named Treves threatened the insolent Patrissi with a sound beating, and their differences were not resolved until the two had gone through the motions of a formal duel. The Vatican won't tolerate dueling, and the Catholic Patrissi was promptly excommunicated, to the chagrin of the anti-clerical weekly *Don Basilio,* which commented, on August 10: "The fascist deputy . . . brings dishonor on the fraternity of the excommunicated."

Il Merlo Giallo

EMILIO PATRISSI

A few days later, on August 22, the conservative daily *Il Messagero* reported the debut of Emilio Patrissi as sponsor of a political party. "Some 10 renegade Qualunquist deputies, led by Emilio Patrissi . . . decided to give birth to a new party called the Nationalist Movement for Social Democracy," wrote *Il Messagero.* On August 30, over Patrissi's signature and under a screaming banner headline, *L'Ora d'Italia* front-paged the new party's

"Manifesto to the Italian People," a sloganeering document all too reminiscent of Italy's recent past.

"Our destiny is weighted down by a peace of attrition . . . ," declaims the Manifesto's opening. "Internationally isolated and betrayed . . . by myths that barely cover underlying imperialistic lust . . . we believe in a nationalism that is not merely a political orientation but the expression of basic and pure sentiments: love of our native soil, coherence and continuity of our history, the need for unity in glory and in defeat, solidarity with the dead and among the living. . . . Italy first, last and always."

Then comes one of the impossible-to-misunderstand hints that are a specialty of fascist rhetoric. Discussing the name of the newly formed party—an only slightly scrambled version of National Socialism—the Manifesto explains expansively: "Our name embodies a pledge that is not demagogy but the integration and explanation of the irrevocability of our nationalism." After an impassioned call to workers and employers, soldiers and civilians, men, women and young people to "unite," the Manifesto closes with: "Let us once again raise the glorious and tattered flag of La Patria in deep faith that around it will gather all Italians of good will, brothers in the supreme effort of resurrection. . . ."

Publication of the Manifesto brought hostile comment from a majority of

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the Italian press. *Popolo e Libertá,* the Christian-Democratic weekly wrote: "It is the rebirth of a pure nationalism and national egotism to which all international and cosmopolitan interests are repugnant. . . ."

Cantachiaro, the anti-fascist political weekly, observed: "Twenty-five years ago, too, fascism wrapped itself in the flag to hide its many blemishes, and appropriated a not inglorious tradition to furnish itself with a past. . . ."

La Voce Republicana, the Republican Party daily, reported that, when asked for comment, Giannini accused Patrissi of "fascist nostalgias . . . seeking to solve Italy's present political problems by again doing what has been done before. . . ."

However, on September 6, only one week after the publication of the Manifesto, *L'Ora d'Italia* boasted: "Representatives of various veterans' groups gathered yesterday at the Rome offices of the Nationalist Party . . . and after due deliberation decided to approve the Manifesto. . . ."

Just recently, on September 28, the new Nationalist Party opened its first election campaign in Rome. It was complete with street-corner oratory, fascist salutes and lusty renderings of Mussolini's imperialistic theme song, "The Hymn to Rome." The incident was reported in the New York *Herald Tribune* on September 29, one of the rare mentions the American press has made of this fascist movement. Even so, the *Herald Tribune* gave neither background of the party nor mention of its founder, Patrissi.

A BIRD'S-EYE view of *L'Ora d'Italia's* recent front-page copy helps round out the picture of this three pronged fascist movement made up of Patrissi, the demagogue and politician; his vehicle, the Nationalist Party; and his mouthpiece, *L'Ora d'Italia.*

On September 8, a four-column article entitled "Now They Rest in Peace" reported the recent removal to sacred ground of Italian soldiers who died defending Rome. The event, however, is only an excuse for anti-Allied propaganda. "May the soil rest lightly on the 18 youths who fell at the portals of the Eternal City to impede the advance of men with black skins . . . ," says the article in opening. "They are lucky, these young soldiers who did not see our women turned into prostitutes, our men hunch their shoulders in servility and our children extend begging hands. . . ."

On September 10 an editorial entitled "Between Two Evils" said, "The politics of the United States in the duel with the Soviet Union are slow and vacillating; the adversary surprises and anticipates almost every move. That is the ever present advantage of totalitarian and dictatorial regimes over democratic ones." And later: "Many circles in Washington pretend that their allies in the fight against communism must all be molded on the type of democracy manufactured on the banks of the Potomac . . . a doctrinaire and ideological absurdity that almost wrecked Pan-American coöperation until finally Spruille Braden was eliminated, and an understanding reached with Peron."

On September 14, the Chicago *Tribune* was favored with a six-column panegyric under the heading "Hundred Years Old But Always Young," signed by Pietro P. Carbonelli. Describing this "immense river of journalistic output that flows into the sleepy plains of Illinois to hurl itself over the walls of the horizon," the writer stated that "If anything can be set up as a living symbol of America today . . . it is this spectacular product of the genius of a man . . . far more significant than Radio City, Boulder Dam or the Golden Gate Bridge. . . . Had America taken to heart the continuous and urgent admonishments of the great Chicago journalist and had his pressing realism and political perspicacity prevailed against the tortuousness of Roosevelt's politics, the history of the world would surely have taken a different turn and humanity today would be far less unhappy."

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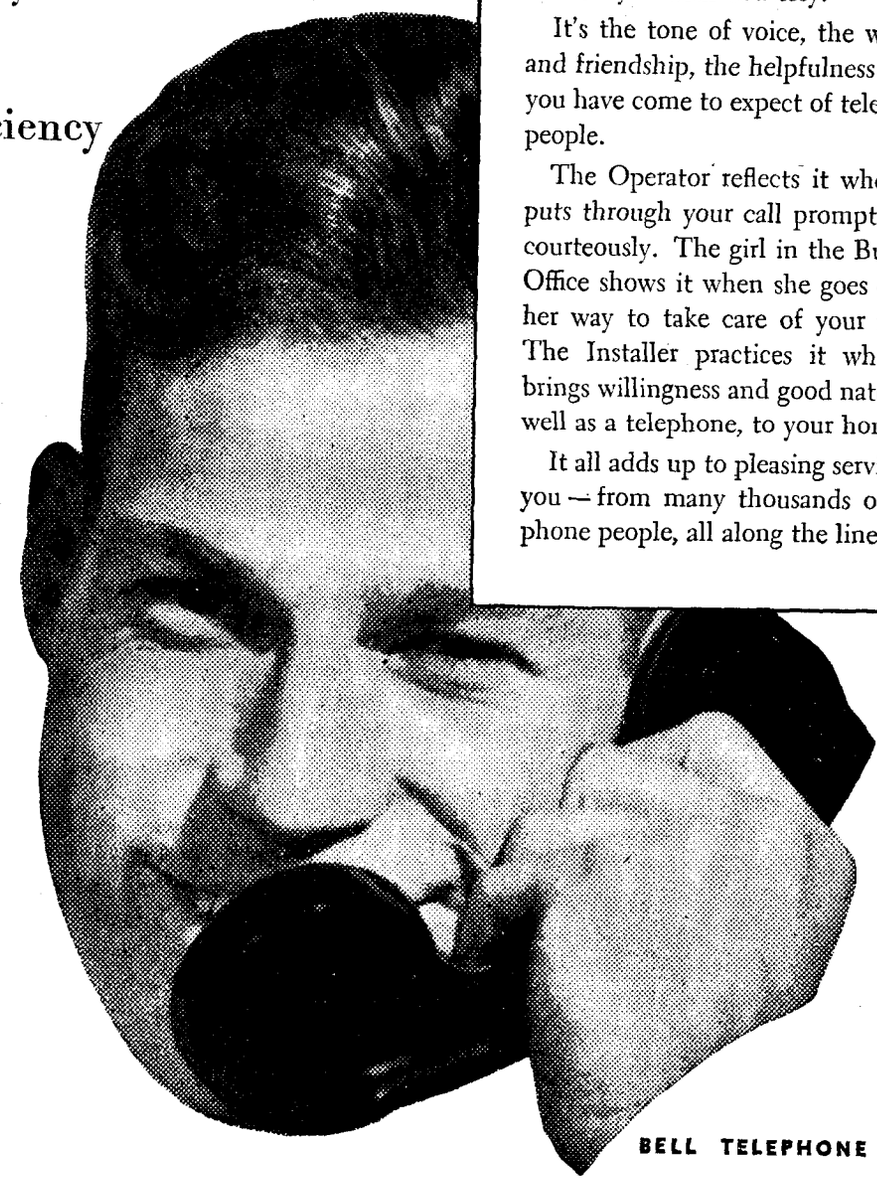

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